This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

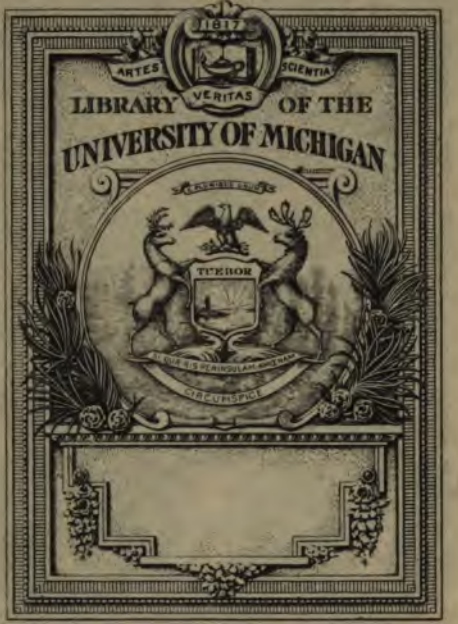
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

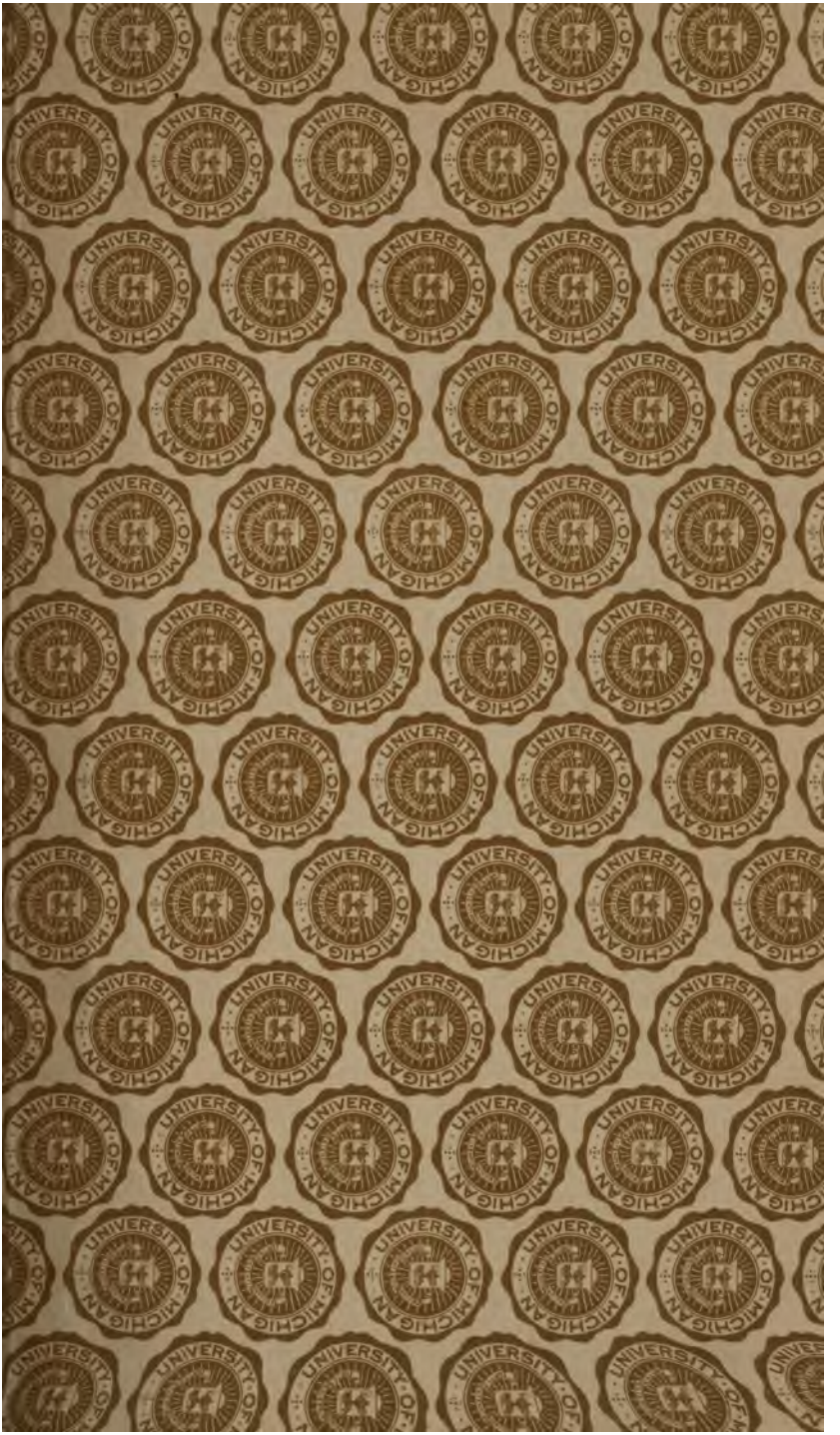
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 3 9015 00396 993 1
University of Michigan – BUHR


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TIEBOR


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

822.8
L675e

F22.5
L675e

THE

EAST INDIAN:

A COMEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

As Performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Warren Hood

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.

Author of the MONK, CASTLE SPECTRE, &c.

Quadringenta tibi si quis Deus, aut similis Diis,
Et melior fatis donaret, homuncio quantus
Ex nihilo fieres, quantus Virronis amicus!
"Da Trebio!"—"Pone ad Trebium!"—"Vis, Frater, ab ipsis
"Illibus?"—O nummi, vobis hunc præstat honorem!
Vos estis Fratres!

JUVENAL, Sat. 5.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. DAVIS, CHANCERY LANE; FOR
J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD STREET.

M.DCCC.

Librarian
Sheldon
12-15-23,
3505

PREFACE.

THE Plot of this Comedy, as far as regards Rivers's viſits to Modiſh and Mrs. Ormond, was taken from the Novel of Sidney Biddulph; Mr. Sheridan had already borrowed the ſame incident from the ſame ſource, and employed it (though in a different manner) in the "School for Scandal."

The "Eaſt Indian" was admirably well acted from beginning to end, particularly the part of Rivers by Mr. Kemble: nothing was overcharged, nothing under-acted. Indeed, to call his performance *acting*, is doing it injuſtice: It was nature throughout.

This Comedy was written before I was ſixteen. It was performed laſt ſeaſon for the benefits of Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Powell, and, in conſequence of the approbation with which it was received, was brought forward again in laſt December. It was again received with applauſe, for which I thank the Public: the ſucceeding repreſentations did not prove attractive, for which I here make my acknowledgments to Mr. Sheridan, who blocked up

my road, mounted on his great tragic war-horſe Pizarro, and trampled my humble pad-nag of a Comedy under foot without the leaſt compunction. My Readers muſt decide, whether my Play merited ſo tranſient an exiſtence; it is unneceſſary to ſay, that *I* am quite of the contrary opinion.

Jan. 14. 1800. M. G. LEWIS.

PRO-

PROLOGUE. By the Author.

SPOKEN BY MR. C. KEMBLE.

In life's gay ſpring, while yet the careleſs hours
Dance light on blooming beds of early flowers,
Ere knowledge of the world has taught the mind
To ſorrow for itſelf and ſhun mankind,
In ſweet vain dreams ſtill Fancy bids the boy
Doat on fair proſpects of ideal joy:
Life's choiceſt fruits then court his eager hand;
Each eye is gentle, and each voice is bland;
Falſe friendſhip prompts no ſigh, and draws no tear,
And love ſeems ſcarce more beauteous, than ſincere!
Ere ſixteen years had wing'd their wanton flight,
While yet his head was young, and heart was light,
Our author plann'd theſe ſcenes; and while he drew,
How bright each colour ſeem'd, each line how true.
Gods! with what rapture every ſpeech he ſpoke!
Gods! how he chuckled as he penn'd each joke!
And when at length his raviſh'd eyes ſurvey
That wondrous work complete—a Five Act Play,
His youthful heart how ſelf applauſes ſwell!
—"It isn't perfect, but its vaſtly well!"—
Since then, with many a pang, our Bard has bought
More juſt deciſion, and leſs partial thought:
Kind vanity no longer blinds his ſight,
His fillet falls, and lets in odious light.
Time bids the darling work its leaves expand,
Each flower Parnaſſian withers in his hand;

Stern judgment every latent fault detects,
And all its fancied beauties prove defects.
Yet, for ſhe thinks ſome ſcenes poſſeſs an art
To pleaſe the fancy, and to melt the heart,
Thalia bids his play to-night appear,
Thalia call'd in heaven, but Jordan here*.
So frail his hope, ſo weak he thinks his cauſe,
Our author ſays he dares not aſk applauſe;
He only begs, that with indulgence new,
You'll hear him patiently, and hear him through:
Then, if his piece proves worthleſs, never ſham it;
But damn it, gentle friends—Oh! damn it! damn it!

* The Comedy was firſt performed for the Benefit of Mrs. Jordan.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LISTLESS, -	*Mr. PALMER.*
MODISH, - -	*Mr. BARRYMORE.*
RIVERS, - -	*Mr. KEMBLE.*
BEAUCHAMP, - -	*Mr. C. KEMBLE.*
WALSINGHAM, -	*Mr. AICKIN.*
FRANK, - -	*Mr. BANNISTER jun*.*
SQUEEZ'EM, - -	*Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.*
FRIPONEAU, - -	*Mr. WEWITZER.*
TRIFLE, - - -	*Mr. FISHER.*
JOHN, - - -	*Mr. WEBB.*
ROBERT, - -	*Mr. EVANS.*
LADY CLARA MODISH, -	*Miss STUART.*
Mrs. ORMOND, -	*Mrs. POWELL.*
Miss CHATTERALL,	*Miss POPE.*
ZORAYDA, - -	*Mrs. JORDAN.*
Mrs. SLIP-SLOP, -	*Mrs. SPARKS.*
Lady HUBBUB, - -	*Mrs. CUYLER.*
Mrs. BLAB-ALL, -	*Miss TIDSWELL.*
Mrs. TIFFANY, - -	*Mrs. COATES.*
ANNE, - -	*Mrs. JONES.*

Ladies, Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

---

* This part was latterly played by Mr. WATHEN, as was that of ZORAYDA by Miss BIGGS.

Walsingham
Robert
Beauchamp

Wignell & Reinagle

Wrote Lre. p. 15 - 49.

THE

EAST INDIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in an Hotel.*

WALSINGHAM *is ſeated by a Table*; ROBERT *waiting.*

WALSINGHAM.

BEAUCHAMP, ſay you?

ROB. I think, that's the gentleman's name, ſir.

WAL. Show him up—[*Exit* Robert.]—I'm glad that he's returned to England; for, though a young man, and a gay man, Beauchamp is among the few whom I eſteem.

Enter BEAUCHAMP.

My dear Ned!

BEAU. Mr. Walſingham!—This pleaſure is quite unexpected; but where have you been concealed theſe hundred years? I was afraid, that Cynthia wearied of her Endymion had pitched upon *you* for his ſucceſſor, and believed you at this moment an inhabitant of the moon.

WAL. No, no, my young friend; the goddeſs has too much taſte to ſelect ſuch an old weather-beaten fellow for a Ceciſbeo. But if you ſeriouſly aſk, what I've been doing for theſe laſt three years, you muſt know, I've been fool-hunting.

BEAU. Fool-hunting?

WAL. Yes. Being of an aduſt cynical conſtitution, [redacted] laughter is abſolutely neceſſary for my [redacted] purpoſe my phyſician preſcribed me a courſe of fools, and truly I've reaped great benefit from his advice.

BEAU. Why then leave Great Britain? Heaven knows, a ſcarcity of fools is not one of our wants!

WAL. True; but the growth of Engliſh abſurdity for the year 95 not being to my taſte, I determined to change my fools, as other invalids change the air; but after all I muſt give the preference to the folly of my own country.

BEAU. Your own country is very much obliged to you; but ſince this is your taſte, I've a ſuperb feaſt for you in Lord Liſtleſs.

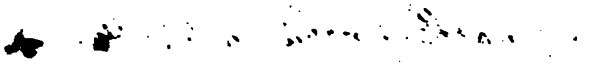
WAL. What, your uncle?

BEAU. No; to my ſorrow he ſleeps with his fore-fathers, while my noble couſin poſſeſſes his title and eſtate, and, what is worſt, has me entirely in his power.

WAL. How ſo?

BEAU. 'Tis a tedious ſtory; but the ſhort of it is, that when I married, my generous uncle diſcharged my debts to the tune of 3000l.: unluckily he neglected to deſtroy my acknowledgment, which falling into his ſon's hands, the preſent Earl wiſely keeps it, and calls himſelf my ſole creditor. Diſcharge it for ſome time I cannot;

my healths; for this purpose C[illegible]



not; but, however, unleſs we diſagree, he will not preſs me for immediate payment.

WAL. Well, well, and even if he ſhould, we'll find means to ſatisfy him; and ſo away with that gloomy face, dear Ned! As ſoon as I ſaw you, I gueſſed that ſomething was wrong; but I'm glad, 'twas nothing more than a pecuniary difficulty.

BEAU. Would to heaven, it were!

WAL. Hey? Why what other cauſe.....

BEAU. Oh! Mr. Walſingham, how ſhall I tell you.....

WAL. Out with it!

BEAU. That I have been.....That I ſtill am.....a villain!

WAL. I don't believe one word of it: he, who dares own that he has been a villain, muſt needs already have ceaſed to be one.

BEAU. Hear me then, and judge for yourſelf—You knew well the character of the woman, to whoſe fate, while I was ſtill a ſtripling, accident not affection united mine.

WAL. Yes, and a miſerable life ſhe led you!

BEAU. Jealous without love, profuſe without generoſity, negligent in her dreſs, violent in her temper, coarſe in her manners, ~~with no virtue but that one which~~ ſhe owed to conſtitution, ~~not to principle,~~ during three years ſhe rendered my home an hell. My patience was at length exhauſted; I made over to her the remnants of an eſtate which her extravagance had ruined, bade this domeſtic fiend an eternal farewell, and ſailed, under the aſſumed name of Dorimant, to India.

WAL. I ſee no harm as yet. Lived with her three years? I wouldn't have lived with her three days.....No! not to have buried her on the fourth.

BEAU. Soon after my arrival, it was my chance to ſave the life of the famous Mortimer, who.....

WAL. The Nabob, whoſe immenſe wealth.....

BEAU. The ſame. This procured me admiſſion to his houſe, where I ſaw his daughter: She was lovely, and grateful to me for the preſervation of her father's life; opportunities of ſeeing each other were frequent, and in an unguarded moment .....yet heaven can witneſs to my intentions!—in an unguarded moment!.....I was a villain!

WAL. [*ſhaking his head*]—Little better, I muſt ſay!

BEAU. *Her* weakneſs and *my* perfidy were ſoon diſcovered. Marry her, I could not; her father's wrath was dreadful; ſhe ſought a refuge from it in *my* arms, and fled with me from India.

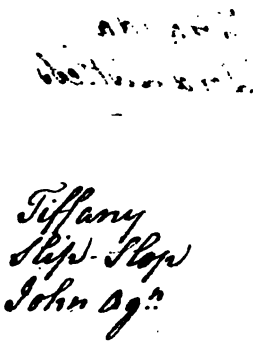
WAL. From India, and from her father? Young man! Young man! And what ſays your wife to all this?

BEAU. Soon after our ſeparation, I find that ſhe went abroad, nor has ſhe been heard of for near two years either by her banker, or her friends. Report ſays, that ſhe is dead: If ſo, my hand is Zorayda's; and in the mean while ſhe reſides with my couſin, Lady Clara Modiſh.

WAL. Lady Clara? And how the devil came *ſhe* to receive her?

BEAU. The Devil made her, the great Devil of all! Money, man, darling money! Her Ladyſhip had been extravagant, and ſo I paid a gaming debt or two for her: beſides this, the appearance of protecting a friendleſs orphan flatters that oſtentatious ſenſibility, which it is her paſſion to diſplay on every occaſion.

WAL.


Tiffany
Slip-Slop
John Sq.r

Zorayda
Lord Listless

WAL. But does ſhe know the hiſtory of her protegée?

BEAU. I was compelled to truſt her with it under a promiſe of profound ſecrecy.

WAL. And how has ſhe kept her promiſe?

BEAU. Why really extremely well, conſidering ſhe's a woman of faſhion. She only confided it to her moſt intimate friends, who told it again to all their particular acquaintance, who repeated it to every creature they knew; and now the whole Town is informed of the whole tranſaction.

WAL. And you really have the heart to preſent this poor young creature to the world in a light ſo deſpicable?

BEAU. Spare your reproaches, my dear ſir, they have already been made by a very able advocate. You remember Modiſh's ſiſter, Emily?

WAL. Young Ormond's widow?—A charming creature!

BEAU. She is intereſted about Zorayda, and has frequently written to me on this ſubject. Her remonſtrances have carried with them conviction, and I am reſolved to wait on her this morning to entreat her protection for Zorayda; and, ſhould ſhe grant it, to engage, cruel as it will be to the feelings of us both, no more to viſit my love, till I can offer her my hand and fortune.

WAL. A very good reſolution too: I long to ſee your goddeſs.

BEAU. Come then to Lady Clara's, and behold the fictitious charms of modiſh beauty effaced by the native graces, the enchanting ſimplicity of my artleſs, my bewitching Zorayda! But as this is but weak attraction for a ſatiriſt, if you ſtill exclaim, "Thou, Folly, art my goddeſs!" I can promiſe you

you ſome diverſion in your own way; for Lady Clara's table is ſeldom unſupplied with a plentiful banquet of fools.

WAL. Every table in town may be ſupplied with that article at a very ſmall expence, I doubt not; for, after all my peregrinations in queſt of folly, I am decided, that no country abounds more with that luxury than little England; where abſurdities ſpring as kindly as muſhrooms upon dunghills, and you can't turn a corner without ſtarting a fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Lady CLARA's.

Enter Mrs. TIFFANY *and* SLIP-SLOP.

Mrs. TIF. No really, Mrs. Slip-ſlop, I can't ſtay a moment longer, and I'm ſure her La'ſhip will find the dreſs quite the thing.

SLIP. Can't you confer your departure for one quarter of an hour, Mrs. Tiffany? My Lady'll be mightily aſpirated, if you go without ſeeing her.

Mrs. TIF. [*ringing the bell.*] Quite impoſſible! There's Lady Tawdry, Lady Tick, Miſs Flaſh, and Lady Rachel Rounabout all waiting for me at this very moment.

Enter JOHN.

My chariot and ſervants, if you pleaſe, ſir.—[*Exit John.*]—Good morning, Mrs. Slip-ſlop. [*Exit.*

Mrs. SLIP. My chariot and ſervants!—Lud! Lud! how I deteſt and extricate that conceited trollop! She affects to contemnify me too, and

Lady Clara
Walsingham
Beauchamp

why? Sure my figure and hidication an't anterior to hers; and as to birth, I hope my contraction's as extinguiſhed as Mrs. Tiffany's, or truly I ſhould be ſorry for it!

Enter ZORAYDA.

ZOR. Is the mantua-maker gone, Mrs. Slip-ſlop?

Mrs. SLIP. Yes; but left this note for you, Miſs. [*Zorayda reads.*] Superdeſcribed, I ſee, to Miſs Mandeville, though ſhe knows well enough that's only a conſumed name. Now do tell me, dear Miſs, what is your right one? What is your real abomination?

ZOR. Impertinent queſtions, Mrs. Slip-ſlop.

Mrs. SLIP. Oh! but if you'll only tell me, I'll be ſo ſecret.....!

ZOR. Of that I'm certain, Mrs. Slip-ſlop; for I well believe—

Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know,
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Slip-ſlop!

Mrs. SLIP. So far, indeed!

ZOR. Not a jot farther.

Enter JOHN.

JOHN. Lord Liſtleſs. [*Exit.*

Mrs. SLIP. [*Aſide.*] Miſs keeps her ſecret as cloſe as if 'twere a ſcheme ſhe had prevented for paying off the natural debt, and was frightful that ſomebody would embelliſh her ideras. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord LISTLESS.

Lord LIST. Quite alone, Miſs Mandeville! Where's Clara?

ZOR.

ZOR. Still at breakfaſt in her dreſſing-room. She ſlept ill, and left her bed late this morning.

Lord LIST. She was quite in the right: for my part I wonder why people leave their beds at all, for they only contrive to bore themſelves and their acquaintance. Now I've ſome thoughts of going to bed one of theſe nights, and never getting up again.

ZOR. Oh! pray, my Lord, put that ſcheme into execution, for the benefit of your friends as well as yourſelf.

Lord LIST. Yes, 'twould certainly take, for people imitate every thing I do ſo ridiculouſly, that 'pon my ſoul I'm bored to death with them; but, to ſay the truth, I'm bored with every thing and every body.

ZOR. I ſhould be ſorry to increaſe your ennui, and ſo wiſh you good morning.

Lord LIST. No, no; ſtay, pray ſtay; for there's nothing I like ſo much as the company of Ladies.

ZOR. [*drawing away her hand.*] I'm ſorry that I can't return the compliment; but there's nothing I like ſo little as the company of Lords!

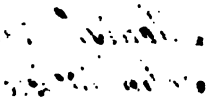
Lord LIST. Umph! Pert enough, 'pon my ſoul!

Enter Lady CLARA.

Lord LIST. Morning, Clara! You look frightful to-day.

Lady CLARA. Do I? I dare ſay I do; for my nerves are in ſuch a ſtate!—Oh! and then I had ſuch a dream!—Only conceive: Methought my favourite little Pug, Fidelio, had fallen into the Serpentine;

Modish age
John Wilkes



Miss Chalter all
ready to knock off

Serpentine; I ſaw him ſtruggling, heard him barking, and woke in an agony of tears!

ZOR. Exquiſite ſenſibility!

Lady CLARA. Ha, Beauchamp!

Enter BEAUCHAMP *and* WALSINGHAM.

BEAU. Let me preſent a friend to you, Lady Clara, whoſe abſence from England you've heard me frequently lament—Mr. Walſingham.

Lady CLARA. Your friends are always welcome here for *your* ſake; but Mr. Walſingham will be welcome for his own.

WAL. Your ladyſhip does me honour.—[*Aſide to Beauchamp*] Is ſhe a fool too?

BEAU. None of the wiſeſt, I promiſe you.—Miſs Mandeville, Mr. Walſingham. [*Zorayda curteſies.*]

WAL. Mandeville? I've known ſeveral of that name. Who.....

Lady CLARA. [*laughing.*] Yes; but not of Miſs Mandeville's family, I take it. Were they, Zorayda?

BEAU. [*aſide to Walſingham.*] Huſh! Mandeville's an aſſumed name.

WAL. Oh! the devil! Why didn't you tell me ſo before?

BEAU. But, Lady Clara, I've another friend to introduce.

Lady CLARA. I ſhall be very.....[*turning round; then with indifference*]—Oh, you wretch! my huſband!

ZOR. [*aſide to Beauchamp.*] You couldn't have introduced a greater ſtranger.

OP *Enter* MODISH. *OP.*

MOD. Mr. Walſingham, I rejoice to ſee you. Juſt returned, I ſuppoſe?—You reſted well, I hope, Lady Clara? [*careleſsly.*]

Lady CLARA. Perfectly; never paſſed a quieter night in my life.

[JOHN *delivers a Letter to* Modiſh, *and goes off.*]

MOD. [*opens, and then throws it on the table.*] Rivers.

WAL. I beg I mayn't prevent.....

MOD. Oh! it's from a poor relation; 'twill keep.—Beauchamp, were you at Lady Sparkle's laſt night?

BEAU. Yes; and found it very faſhionable, and very dull.

Lady CLARA. Oh! the terms are now ſynonimous.

MOD. Quite; for ſince every thing that's faſhionable is inſipid, in mere juſtice every thing that's inſipid muſt be faſhionable!

WAL. Indeed! Is this really ſo, my lord?

Lord LIST. Matter of fact, ſir, 'pon my ſoul! Inſipidity is now the very criterion of faſhion. A man of *ton* ſhould never dance but when he's not wanted, or ſing but when nobody wiſhes to hear him. He ſhould yawn at a comedy, laugh at a tragedy, cry "damn'd bore" at both, tread upon his neighbour's toes, hunt with a tooth-pick in his mouth, ſee women tumble down ſtairs without trying to ſtop them, and, in order to be perfectly faſhionable, ſhould make himſelf completely diſagreeable!

ZOR.

ZOR. Bleſs me! how admirably your Lordſhip's practice exemplifies your theory!

Lord LIST. Oh! you flatter me.

ZOR. No really; I do you but juſtice when I proteſt that I never ſaw any thing half ſo faſhionable or inſipid as your Lordſhip.

WAL. Nor I, upon my honour!

Lord LIST. 'Pon my ſoul you're too obliging! Too obliging, 'pon my ſoul!

Lady CLARA. Hark! A knock!

ZOR. [*looking from the window.*] Now heaven preſerve my hearing! 'tis Miſs Chatterall.

Lady CLARA. I'm glad of it; ſhe always talks ſcandal, and ſcandal is the beſt thing in the world for the nerves.

Lord LIST. And ſhe talks inceſſantly, which ſaves one the trouble of an anſwer.

ZOR. But ſhe is ſo malicious!

Lady CLARA. She cheats horribly at play!

MOD. She's diſagreeable and affected.

Lord LIST. She's a bore.

BEAU. She's deceitful.

Lady CLARA. She's abominable....

Enter Miſs CHATTERALL.

Lady CLARA. My dear creature, I'm ſo charmed to ſee you! We've not met this age!

Miſs CHAT. Oh, Lady Clara! ſuch a dreadful thing has happened to me! I've been ſo ſhocked, and ſo quizzed, and all that!

Lady CLARA. You alarm me!

Miſs CHAT. You muſt know, as I came along, another carriage got entangled with mine. A mob ſoon collected round us, and out of pure good

nature and condeſcenſion, I thought I'd entertain them with a little graceful terror.

Lady CLARA. How kind!

Miſs CHAT. Wasn't it?—So, on this, I ſcreamed in the moſt delightful way imaginable, practiſed my new Pariſot attitudes, and threw myſelf into my very beſt convulſions.

MOD. And, I warrant, the ſpectators burſt into tears?

Miſs CHAT. No truly, they burſt out a laughing!

ALL. Oh, ſhameful!

Miſs CHAT. Wasn't it?—I declare I was juſt like Orphy, the old fiddler, playing to the ſtocks and ſtones! The more I ſqualled the more they laughed; and at laſt they made me ſo angry that I vowed never to go into fits again, except in the very beſt company.

WAL. And a mighty proper reſolution too!

Miſs CHAT. Wasn't it?—But, Modiſh, what provoked me moſt was your uncle; that great gawky creature, General Truncheon. He never offered to help me the leaſt bit. And then he ha-ha-hae'd, and he-he he'd, and all that ſo, you've no idea!—How ſhocking! Wasn't it?

MOD. Oh! you know my uncle's a blockhead; he's ſuppoſed to have the greateſt body and leaſt wit of any man in London.

A list of [illegible]: That follows of courſe: I've obſerved, that in lofty houſes the upper apartments are always the worſt furniſhed.

Miſs CHAT. Very well, ~~Miſs Mandeville~~; extremely well indeed!—[*Aſide*] I'll remember that, and ſport it for my own.—But, Lord! I muſt be gone, or Lady Cogwell will be out, and I wouldn't miſs ſeeing her for the world.

Lady CLARA. Lady Cogwell! I thought ſhe was your averſion?

Miſs CHAT. Oh dear, ſo ſhe is; but laſt night Mrs. Punt, playing with her at whiſt, found the ace of diamonds hid in her muff; ſo I'm going to comfort, and conſole, and vex, and teaze her, and all that, you know. Modiſh, lead me to my carriage. You won't go with me, Miſs Mandeville?

ZOR. No; I'm not in a vexing, teazing, and all that humour this morning. But are you ſure of the truth of this ſtory?

Miſs CHAT. Sure of it? Why Mrs. Blab-all told it me, and I believe all ſhe ſays to be goſpel, for ſhe has talked ſcandal to me every morning for this year and an half paſt, and in all that time never told the leaſt bit of a lye. How kind of her! Wasn't it?

Lady CLARA. Are you going, Mr. Walſingham? We dine at home; if you can put up with a family dinner.....[*He bows, and exit with* Beauchamp.]—You'll be with me in the evening, Miſs Chatterall?

Miſs CHAT. Oh! without fail; and I hope by that time to have collected authentic information concerning two elopements, four young men ruined at play, nine ladies of quality taken tripping with their footmen, and one who died of a cold which ſhe caught in going to church. How comical! Wasn't it? Come, Modiſh!

[*Exit with* Modiſh.

Lord LIST. Pray, Clara.....What was I going to.....Oh! Where does Mrs. Ormond live?

Lady CLARA. I proteſt I've forgotten, but the porter can tell you. May I aſk, why you enquire?

Lord

Lord LIST. I've no ſort of objection to your aſking the queſtion, provided you've none to my not anſwering it. Good morning; we ſhall meet at dinner; or perhaps not till to-morrow; or perhaps not this month; it doesn't ſignify, you know, if we never meet at all.

Lady CLARA. Oh! not in the leaſt—Good morning. [*Exit* Lord Liſtleſs.

ZOR. I ſee Mr. Modiſh returning; ſhall I ſtay, or leave you to your uſual diſcuſſions? Perhaps my preſence may prevent.....

Lady CLARA. Oh! child, don't mind me: theſe little matrimonial rubs are excellent for the vapours, and Modiſh is never ſo entertaining as when I've put him out of temper.

ZOR. I'm ſure then he's entertaining very often, but I cannot admire your mode of making him ſo; and for my own part I verily think that were I to live a thouſand years, I could never ſucceed in extracting amuſement from my huſband's uneaſineſs, or find pleaſure in being the torment of a man; whom I had ſworn before the altar to love and to obey! [*Exit.*

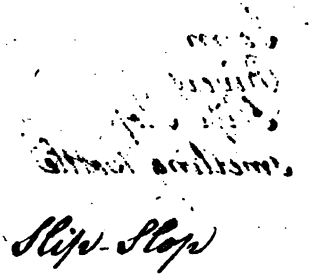
Enter MODISH.

Lady CLARA. [*humming an Italian air, opens* Modiſh's *letter thoughtleſsly*]—Lud! what am I doing! Beg your pardon, Modiſh, I've not read ten words upon my honour.

MOD. 'Twas of no conſequence.

Lady CLARA. Oh! it might have been from a lady, and I've no wiſh to pry into your ſecrets.

MOD. This letter comes from a relation, who after diſſipating his fortune here went to India ſome eighteen years ago—Let me ſee what he ſays—



John
Rivers
Slip-Slop
smelling Bottle

ſays—" My dear couſin will be ſurpriſed to find, that a man ſtill exiſts, whom I doubt not he has long numbered with the dead: Still more will it ſurpriſe you to know, that ſoon after my arrival in India, my union with a rich widow at once cleared me of debt, and placed me in a ſtate of opulence."

Lady CLARA. Opulence? This grows intereſting.

MOD. "On my wife's death I realized my fortune, determined to ſhare it with you, my dear George."

Lady CLARA. The worthy man! Who waits? Send Slip-ſlop to me.—I'll have a chamber prepared this inſtant.

MOD. "But fate was not yet weary of perſecuting me; the veſſel in which I had embarked my wealth was ſhip-wrecked, and I regained the Engliſh ſhore, poor as I left it."

Lady CLARA. Then the money's loſt?

Enter SLIP-SLOP.

SLIP. Did your La'ſhip.....

Lady CLARA. It doesn't ſignify, Slip-ſlop.

[*Exit* Slip-ſlop.

MOD. "To you then, my dear George, I muſt apply for aſſiſtance, and ſoon after receiving this you may expect a viſit from your affectionate couſin and friend, WILLIAM RIVERS."

Lady CLARA. How unlucky! This money would have been ſo ſeaſonable.....

MOD. Seaſonable, madam? Say, neceſſary, abſolutely neceſſary; and what has made it ſo? Your diſſipation, your extravagance, your.....

Lady CLARA. Oh! mercy, dear Modiſh, mercy!

cy! Moderate your tone, I beg; conſider my nerves.

MOD. My manner, madam, may be moderate, but the matter muſt be harſh.

Lady CLARA. Oh! ſir, let but your voice be gentle, and as to the matter of what you ſay, I ſhan't mind it a ſtraw.

MOD. What I ſay, madam, you never do mind.

Lady CLARA. True, ſir; I never do.

MOD. Madam, madam, I muſt ſay, and I will ſay.....

Lady CLARA. Say, ſir? Lord, couldn't you ſing? 'Twould be much more agreeable.

MOD. Zounds, madam, I'm ſerious, and well I may be ſo. My affairs are ſo embarraſſed that I expect an execution in the houſe every day, and but one way remains of preventing it. You muſt give up your diamonds, I'll procure you paſte inſtead; and as you're known to poſſeſs real jewels, nobody will ſuſpect thoſe you wear to be falſe.

Lady CLARA. Well, ſir, I'll only mention one circumſtance, and then if you ſtill wiſh it, the diamonds are at your diſpoſal.

MOD. [*aſide*]—So readily? I'm amazed!—— Well, my dear Lady Clara, and this circumſtance is.....

Lady CLARA. Simply this. About three months ago I ſold the real jewels, and thoſe now in my poſſeſſion are the paſte *.

MOD. [*violently*]—Confuſion! Fire, and Furies!

Lady CLARA. Don't ſwear, ſir!

* This was related to me as an anecdote.

MOD.

MOD. Zounds! madam, I muſt and will ſwear, and I muſt and will tell you once for all.....

Enter JOHN.

JOHN. Mr. Rivers. [*Exit.*

MOD. He has nicked the time: I never felt leſs charitably diſpoſed in my life.—[*Throws himſelf into a chair, his back turned to Lady* Clara, *who ſits in an indolent poſture, humming to herſelf.*]—

Enter RIVERS.

RIV. It is with diffidence, Sir, that I venture....

Lady CLARA. Oh! Heavens! A black ſcratch! Drops! drops, or I ſhall faint!—[Modiſh *rings*]—

RIV. I fear, madam, I have by ſome means occaſioned an alarm, which.....

Enter SLIP-SLOP [*with drops.*]

Lady CLARA. Quick! quick! or I expire. [*After taking a ſmelling-bottle.*]—Slip-ſlop, tell the man, I beg his pardon, but I've always had a particular averſion to black ſcratches.

SLIP. [*to* Rivers]—Sir, my Lady hopes you'll accuſe her, but a black ſcratch always was her particular diverſion.

RIV. I'm ſorry to have offended, but 'tis the lot of misfortune to offend in every thing!

MOD. I.....I think, Mr. Rivers, I've heard my father ſpeak of you, but as to what he ſaid, I really don't remember a ſyllable.

RIV. I fear, if you did, it could not prejudice you in my favour; yet as my conduct was only

imprudent, never diſhonourable, your father's friendſhip was mine to the laſt.

MOD. Very poſſibly; I don't diſpute it.

RIV. Were he alive, I ſhould not want a friend! Let me, however, rejoice in his ſon's affluence. Your numerous retinue, your ſplendid manſion prove, that you've the ability to ſerve me, and your inclination I cannot doubt.

MOD. Why really....Hem!....Appearances are frequently deceitful and....and to ſay the truth.... Pray, what may your plans be?

RIV. They reſt on you. As all hopes of independence are finally deſtroyed, I muſt rely on your good offices to obtain for me ſome ſmall place, and being ſo near a relation, I think, I have ſome claim to your exertions.

MOD. Claim....Oh! yes....certainly a claim.... But really places are ſo difficult to obtain....

Lady CLARA. Difficult! I tried the other day without ſucceſs to get my footman into the Cuſtom-houſe; ſo nothing can be done for you in that way.

MOD. However, ſir, I'll look about me, and if any thing occurs will let you know. Good morning.

RIV. In the mean time may I without offence mention to you my diſtreſſed ſituation? The griping hand of poverty preſſes hard upon me; I have no other ſupport, have no one to look to but yourſelf.—Oh! George, George, you once loved me! Often have I carried you in my arms, often has my hand ſupplied you with money when a boy, and in all your little diſtreſſes it was from my partiality that you ſought aſſiſtance! Let theſe recollections, let the recollection of your excellent father plead for

for me, when I mention.....that.....that a trifling pecuniary aid will be of moſt eſſential ſervice.

Mod. [*with emotion, aſide to Lady* Clara.] I'll..... I'll give him a ten pound note, and ſend him away.

Lady Clara. Ten pounds? Heavens! Modiſh! don't be ſo extravagant.

Mod. Your Ladyſhip is always œconomical, when charity is in the caſe!

Lady Clara. [*with a ſneer.*]—Oh! ſir, you're partial to me!

Mod. If I am, dam'me!—[*reſuming his cold manner.*] I'm very ſorry, Mr. Rivers, it's out of my power to aſſiſt you at preſent, but if I hear of any thing to ſuit you, I'll let you know. Good morning.

Riv. But ſir.....

Mod. I'll move heaven and earth to ſerve you. Good morning.

Riv. But ſir, if you don't know where I live, how can you inform me of your ſucceſs?

Mod. Oh! true! where ſhall I ſend?

Riv. [*heſitating*]—I'm aſhamed to name ſuch a miſerable.....I.....I lodge at the Three Blue Poſts, in Little Britain.

Lady Clara. Oh! ſhocking! Is it poſſible that any body can live at the Three Blue Poſts!

Mrs. Slip. Oh! dear no, my Lady; it an't poſſible.

Riv. Before I go, ſir, let me aſk whether your ſiſter Emily is ſtill living.

Lady Clara. Oh! yes, but ſhe can't aſſiſt you, ſo its uſeleſs applying to her. However, my porter can give you her direction.

Riv. Is ſhe then in diſtreſs? I'll haſten to her, and though ſhe may not give me relief for my

wants, with her I may at leaſt find ſympathy for my woes, a ſentiment which I have vainly ſought for in the Palaces of the Great.—[*With ſtifled anger*]—Good morning, ſir.

MOD. Your ſervant.

RIV. [*aſide.*] So fades my hope! On how ſandy a foundation do they build, who place their reliance on the friendſhip of affluence! [*Exit.*

Lady CLARA. So, he's gone at laſt.

Mrs. SLIP. And truly I'm glad of it! No wonder your La'ſhip was ſo fluſterated at ſeeing him; for when I firſt ſaw his odorous black ſcratch, I proteſt it threw me into ſuch a conſtellation, that I thought I ſhould have conſpired upon the ſpot!

Lady CLARA. Poor Slip-ſlop! Order the carriage to the door. [*Exit* Slip-ſlop.

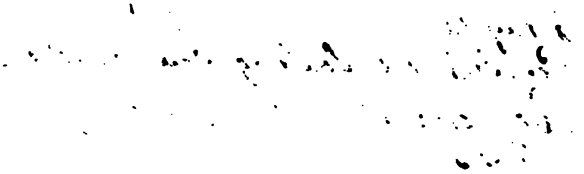
MOD. Before you go, madam, I muſt ſay.....

Lady CLARA. My dear Mr. Modiſh, ſay not another word on the ſubject, ſince on one point I am decided; that whenever we are of different opinions, you muſt be wrong, and I muſt be right. Good morning. [*Exit.*

MOD. I've gained much by this conference! Bachelors! Bachelors! Tye yourſelves up in the nooſe of hemp, rather than the nooſe of matrimony. The pain of the former is never felt after a few minutes; but the knot of the latter grows tighter every hour during years, and is at laſt only looſened by death or infamy! [*Exit.*

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT



Torrayda
Pen. Ink, Ink, Sealing Wax, Candle
Beauchamp
Notes.

ACT II.

Table, 2 Chairs. &c

ZORAYDA's *Apartment.—She is diſcovered folding a Letter.*

ZORAYDA.

'TIS done! Yes, Beauchamp, we part, and for ever! Yes, tell you ſo myſelf.....No, no! I cannot! That painful taſk, I truſt, this letter will induce Mrs. Ormond to undertake. What? Beauchamp's miſtreſs? The miſtreſs of a *married* man? Break, fond heart, break, but ſupport ſuch ſhame no longer! Hark!—He comes!—[*Concealing the letter.*]—

Enter BEAUCHAMP. OP.

BEAU. Zorayda!—How, in tears, my love?

ZOR. [*aſſuming gaiety*]—Heed them not!—A mere trifle.....My grief is already forgotten.

BEAU. Indeed? Had your grief then ſo ſlight a cauſe?

ZOR. Ah! while remorſe and ſhame dwell here, can my cauſe for grief ever be ſlight?

BEAU. Yet methinks in public your manner.....

ZOR. Is gay, is forced, is agonizing! Loth am I that the world ſhould ſee that I ſuffer, ſince 'twas from you my ſufferings ſprung; but believe me, Beauchamp, the ſmiles which play on my cheek in public are to my heart as moon-beams falling on ſome rock of ice; they ſhine, but warm not!

BEAU. Deareſt Zorayda!.....

ZOR. Edward! Edward! Oh! where is my father? Perhaps now ſtretched on the bed of ſickneſs,

neſs, calling on Zorayda for thoſe offices which a daughter alone can perform; and woe is me! calling in vain! Perhaps....., perhaps ere this cold in a foreign grave, where his heart has forgot at my name to burn with anger, or to glow with love, where Death has long ſince forbidden his lips to call on me, or curſe me! Yet if he ſtill *ſhould* live.... too ſurely, wretched Zorayda, he lives no longer for thee.

BEAU. Zorayda, would you drive me mad?

ZOR. ~~And ſtill no letters from India? Still no word from my father, or kind, or cruel?~~ Oh that I could but know he ſtill exiſts! that I could but once more ſee the characters of his hand! that I could but for one moment hear his voice, though in the next I again heard it curſe me!

BEAU. Nay, be comforted! A perſon juſt arrived from India, I truſt, can give me ſome tidings of Mr. Mortimer, and having diſcharged my errand here, I haſten to him. You mentioned ſome trinkets which you wiſhed to purchaſe; theſe notes will anſwer their price. And now, my love, farewell for the preſent: when next we meet, I hope to bring good tidings.

ZOR. Heaven grant it! but to whom go you?

BEAU. To a poor relation of Modiſh's, who applied to him for relief.

ZOR. And he departed....?

BEAU. Unrelieved.

ZOR. Alas! Yet perhaps he was undeſerving?

BEAU. That I know not; but truſt me, Zorayda, I love not thoſe, who weigh too nicely the tranſgreſſions of a *ſufferer*: to puniſh human errors is the province of Heaven; to relieve human wants is the duty of man!

Breakfast Table set
Mrs Ormond. a present
Anne
Frank. Tea Urn, & ag.

ZOR. True, true, dear Edward! and therefore cannot you....

BEAU. You know, my means are circumſcribed; what caſh I could have ſpared, was already appropriated to your uſe.

ZOR. To mine?—theſe notes?—And whither is he now gone?

BEAU. To Mrs Ormond's, whoſe noble heart would willingly relieve him, but whoſe means....

ZOR. And if ſhe cannot.....what muſt he do?

BEAU. Starve, Zorayda!

ZOR. He ſhall not!—no, no, he ſhall not! Follow him! Theſe notes.....take them, take them all: haſte to him with them: oh! haſte, ere it be too late! Nay, oppoſe me not, dear Edward; in this I muſt not be oppoſed.

BEAU. Oppoſe you, Zorayda? be my own heart hardened, when I defeat the generoſity of yours! I haſte with your preſent to Mrs Ormond, and at the ſame time I truſt I ſhall obtain ſome tidings of Mr. Mortimer.

ZOR. To Mrs. Ormond? Stay! I will incloſe the notes in this letter—[*ſealing it*]—Give it her; it ſays.....

BEAU. What, my love?

ZOR.—[*after a pauſe*]—What *I* cannot!—Leave me! Nay delay not! Leave me, I conjure you!

BEAU. ~~I obey~~! [*Exit.*

ZOR. I cannot doubt that letter's effect: Mrs. Ormond will read my ſad ſtory with compaſſion, and ſtretch forth her hand to ſave from deſtruction a poor creature, whoſe guilt began in ignorance, whoſe knowledge of that guilt, but for her, muſt end in deſpair! She will convince Beauchamp, that 'tis neceſſary we ſhould part: then will I haſten back to India, haſten to my dear, my cruel father:

father: will throw me on his boſom, will cling round his knees, will claſp his hand till it daſhes me on the ground, and then, if his feet trample me, will bathe them with my tears, kiſs them, and die! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Mrs. ORMOND's.—*The Breakfaſt Table is ſet.*

Enter Mrs. ORMOND, *followed by* ANNE.

Mrs. ORM. Nay, Anne; it muſt be ſo; I muſt part with him.

ANNE. Part with Frank? how will you manage that, madam? Why, you'll never perſuade him to go.

Mrs. ORM. But he muſt; I can no longer afford to keep him.

ANNE. For that very reaſon, he'll ſtay, madam. Oh! Frank will never go, I'm certain.

Mrs. ORM. Well, well, ſend him hither—[*Exit* Anne. Mrs. Ormond *looking at a letter which ſhe holds*]—"will call this morning.....Edward Beauchamp."—I hope, then, my remonſtrances have at length prevailed, and he ſees his conduct to Zorayda in its proper light. Yet even then, how to perſuade her to part from him.....

Enter FRANK, *places the Tea-Urn on the Table, and is going.*

Mrs. ORM. Stay, Frank; I muſt ſpeak with you.

FRANK. I wait your orders, madam.

Mrs. ORM. I give them for the laſt time.

FRANK. Madam!

Mrs.

H

Rijeas's pocket Book Notes

Mrs. ORM. It grieves me to ſay it, my good fellow, but we muſt part.

FRANK. Part, madam!—Part?

Mrs. ORM. Even ſo; but be aſſured, Frank, I ſhall always feel grateful for your fidelity, and ſhould my fortunes ever change, you ſhall not be forgotten.—What is due to you?—[*taking out her purſe.*]

FRANK. And you really turn me away?

Mrs. ORM. Turn you away? No, but I'm conſtrained to diſmiſs you.

FRANK. Diſmiſs me?—Very well!—Do it!—But I won't go!

Mrs. ORM. Nay, but, Frank—

FRANK. And you can be cruel enough to turn me away? In Mr. Ormond's family have I lived forty years, man and boy, and now all of a ſudden you turn me a-drift! Ah! I ſee a fair face may hide an hard heart!

Mrs. ORM. But hear me, my good fellow! my circumſtances demand retrenchment, and unable longer either to maintain or pay you—

FRANK. I don't want to be paid! I don't want to be maintained! I aſk but to ſee you every morning, and be aſſured you are in health; I aſk but to ſee my young maſter grow up the image of his father; carry him in my arms while he's a child, and when he's a man to die in his preſence! I aſk but this, and you refuſe me! Yet you cannot ſurely be ſo cruel; you could never really mean to drive me away—[*Kneeling*]—Dear good lady, comfort me, ſay you did this but to try me, ſay you never really meant to part with your poor and faithful Frank!

Mrs. ORM. [*affected.*]—Riſe, riſe, my good fellow!—Yes, you ſhall remain with me! Rather

will I endure any inconvenience, than pain an heart ſo feeling!

FRANK. Inconvenience? God bleſs you, madam, I ſhall rather relieve you than occaſion any. I am yet ſtrong and hearty; I can labour, can work my fingers to the bones in your ſervice, and rather than you or yours ſhould want wherewithal to eat, Lord forgive me if I wouldn't conſent to your eating *me!* [*Exit.*

Mrs. ORM. Noble heart!—I have heard ſervants called the plagues of life; but never did I paſs more delightful moments than while liſtening to the effuſions of this honeſt fellow's gratitude.

Re-enter FRANK, *followed by* RIVERS.

FRANK. This way, ſir!—A gentleman to wait on you, madam. [*Exit.*

RIV. When I left England, madam, you were ſo young that probably no trace remains in my couſin Emily's remembrance.....

Mrs. ORM. Is it poſſible? Surely, ſir, I now ſpeak to Mr. Rivers.

RIV. Even ſo; but if you recollect my ſtory as well as my features, I fear you are not prejudiced in my favour: my juvenile follies.....

Mrs. ORM.—[*eagerly.*]—Sir, my father loved you; his friends can never be judged harſhly by me. But pray inform me, I fear your expedition to the Eaſt.....

RIV. The Eaſt, my dear lady, was ſufficiently kind; but, on my return, a tempeſt ſwept in one moment away the gains of eighteen painful years.

Mrs. ORM. I feel for your diſappointment;—but ere we proceed, may I not offer you ſome breakfaſt? I am rather an invalid, and *roſe* late to-day.

Lord Littleton

RIV. Were it not an intruſion·····

Mrs. ORM. Intruſion? Oh! my good ſir; to meet with one whom my father loved, and who loved my father, is to me a delight ſo exquiſite, and which now, alas! I enjoy ſo rarely!—Nay, be ſeated; I muſt not be denied.

RIV. What a contraſt! [*aſide.*]—I fear you will think me impertinent, yet I muſt hazard one enquiry. How comes it that your ſituation differs from your brother's ſo ſtrangely?

Mrs. ORM. Oh! at my firſt entrance into life, my eſtabliſhment was not leſs ſplendid, but my huſband's nature, generous and benevolent to exceſs, ultimately proved our ruin. He was compelled to part with his eſtate, and we retired to an humble retreat, where my beloved Ormond expired.

RIV. But ſtill your jointure·····

Mrs. ORM. Satisfied my huſband's creditors, nor till I felt it, could I believe, that ſo much pleaſure could be purchaſed by a ſacrifice ſo trifling.

RIV. [*aſide.*]—An angel, by Jupiter!

Mrs. ORM. This avowal muſt excuſe my not offering you that aſſiſtance, which I ſhould afford you moſt willingly; but doubtleſs on applying to my brother·····

RIV. I have applied.

Mrs. ORM. And the reſult was·····

RIV. Coldneſs and ſcorn!

Mrs. ORM. Indeed?—Oh George!—Well, well, we will not deſpond: In my poverty, I have ſtill ſome friends, I truſt, both able and willing to oblige me. To theſe will I recommend you, and till they ſucceed in ſerving you, take a lodging near mine; my table ſhall be always open to you; and as you may already have contracted ſome little debts, pray make uſe of this trifle to diſcharge them.

If not ſufficient, only ſay it, and the ſum ſhall be increaſed.

RIV. Madam!—Couſin!—Emily!—Nay, now my heart muſt burſt!

Mrs. ORM. Let not ſuch a trifle.....

RIV. Forgive me!—Deareſt Emily, forgive me! Here.....take it, take it, and Heaven make you as happy with it as you deſerve to be.—[*Giving her a pocket-book.*]

Mrs. ORM. How?—Notes?—and to a large amount!—What can this mean?

RIV. It means, that I deſerve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for giving one moment's uneaſineſs to ſuch an heart. I am rich, Emily, rich.....Yet I lye, for all that was mine is now yours.

Mrs. ORM. Amazement! Can this be real?

RIV. A few hours ſhall convince you of its truth, nor can you feel better pleaſed to be heireſs of my riches, than I feel at finding an heireſs who deſerves them. But I muſt away and begin my preparations, for by ſix o'clock you muſt be lodged in your own houſe, attended by your own ſervants, and ready to welcome me at your own table.

Mrs. ORM. But, dear ſir, this great haſte....

RIV. Oh! hang delay; what I do, I do at once, and ſo farewell for the preſent.—[*Going.*]

Mrs. ORM. But at leaſt take back theſe notes; their value.....

RIV. Is trifling when compared with that of your preſent! [*kiſſing it.*] But never—no, while I have life never will I part with this note! I'll wear it next my heart as a taliſman, for you gave it when you could full ill afford it, and gave it too from the nobleſt of motives, compaſſion for the diſtreſt, and reſpect for the memory of a father!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. ORM. This event ſo unexpected, ſo ſudden....

Beauchamp
Wth Law & Notes

den . . . Now then I can look forward once more without anxiety.—Oh! from what a weight is my boſom relieved!——William—my dear, my darling William—thy proſpects are bright again!—While ſhe claſps thee to her boſom, thy mother ſhall tremble no more for thy future fate; and want ſhall no longer compel her to reſtrain the openneſs of thy liberal hand, or blame the benevolence of thy little feeling heart. My faithful ſervants too . . . . How! Lord Liſtleſs?

Enter Lord LISTLESS.

Lord LIST. Even he. But you ſeem ſurpriſed at my viſit: when you know its purport, I think, my dear Mrs. Ormond, you'll not be ſorry to ſee me.

Mrs. ORM. [*coldly.*] Lady Clara, I ſuppoſe . . .

Lord LIST. No, Clara's quite out of the queſtion; the thought's entirely my own, I'll aſſure you; but don't let your joy overpower you.

Mrs. ORM. My joy!

Lord LIST. Yes; for you muſt know, my dear creature, I'm in love with you.

Mrs. ORM. You, my Lord? You?

Lord LIST. To diſtraction, 'pon my ſoul! [*careleſsly.*]

Mrs. ORM. I can ſcarcely credit my hearing.

Lord LIST. And here I am for the expreſs purpoſe of making you propoſals.

Mrs. ORM. I proteſt I'm ſo ſurpriſed . . . .

Lord LIST. I've ordered my lawyer to draw up an handſome ſettlement; and as theſe apartments are but *La, La,* you had better remove to my houſe immediately.—La Fleur, my carriage!—Will you come?

Mrs.

Mrs. ORM. The coxcomb! [*aſide.*]—My Lord, I muſt be candid with you. Conſidering our ſituations, I know the world will blame me for not accepting your propoſals; but could I ſo eaſily forget Mr. Ormond's loſs, I muſt frankly own that your Lordſhip is by no means the man whom I think likely to make me happy in a ſecond marriage.

Lord LIST. Marriage! my dear creature, who ſaid a word on the ſubject? Nothing could be farther from my thoughts, for *I* think marriage a great bore: Don't you?—Now, what I meant was that ſort of amicable arrangement, which, when we grow tired of each other, (as I doubt not we ſoon ſhall,) may leave both at liberty to purſue our ſeparate inclinations. Thus ſtands the caſe: You are poor, I am rich; you are handſome, ſo am I. Deſpiſe then the opinions of prudes and cynics, and ſharing a ſplendid eſtabliſhment with love and me ....[*yawning.*]

Mrs. ORM. Beyond a doubt muſt be perfectly enchanting!—[*Aſide*] Inſolent coxcomb! ~~Yet ſhe's ſo abſurd that anger here would be ridiculous.~~

Lord LIST. Yes, I thought you'd like the propoſal. Nay, I ſhould have flown to you with it upon the wings of love a month ago, if ſomething or other hadn't continually driven it out of my head; and if my valet hadn't put me in mind of it this morning, 'pon my ſoul I believe I ſhouldn't have remembered it at all.

Mrs. ORM. It were better, my Lord, that you never had, for I cannot hold your inſolent offers in greater contempt than I do their propoſer After this declaration you muſt be convinced that your preſence here cannot be acceptable. [*Going.*]

Lord LIST. Nonſenſe! Come, come, don't be

ſilly,

filly, child! My carriage is at the door, and I muſt poſitively take you away with me.

Mrs. ORM. Unhand me, my Lord!

~~Lord LIST. Ten thouſand pardons! I forgot;~~ you are a prude, and a little gentle force is neceſſary to quiet your ſcruples.

~~Mrs. ORM. My Lord!——I beg.....I entreat you....~~

Lord LIST. Now, why the devil give me all this trouble? Nay, come you muſt, 'pon my ſoul!

Mrs. ORM. Nay then.... Frank!—Frank, I ſay!—Help! help!

Enter BEAUCHAMP.

BEAU. [*Seizing* Lord Liſtleſs, *and diſengaging* Mrs. Ormond, *who ſinks into a chair.*] Raſcal! how dare you..... Hey, the devil! Lord Liſtleſs!—And what brings your Lordſhip here?

Lord LIST. Poh, Beauchamp! 'tis a mere joke. Mrs. Ormond was alarmed without reaſon, and thought proper....

BEAU. Without reaſon? I doubt it not; I believe no one has much to fear from your Lordſhip.

Lord LIST. I don't underſtand that ſneer, but the immediate enforcement of your bond ſhall convince you that you, ſir, at leaſt have ſomething to fear from me. This will be merely a proper mode of puniſhing your preſent conduct, which I cannot but conſider as ungrateful in the extreme; and 'pon my ſoul I ſhould be in a confounded paſſion, if being angry were not too great an exertion for a man of faſhion. [*Exit.*

BEAU. Mean coxcomb! Mrs. Ormond, I fear your agitation....

Mrs.

Mrs. Orm. Oh! a fit of tears has relieved me; but how can I ſufficiently thank you for your interference?

Beau. By accepting without ſcruple this from Zorayda. [*Giving a packet.*]

Mrs. Orm. And its contents are....

Beau. Hearing that Mr. Rivers meant to apply to you for aſſiſtance, and fearing leſt your ability to relieve him ſhould not ſquare with your inclination, ſhe readily ſacrificed ſome jewels, which ſhe had long been anxious to poſſeſs, and appropriated the money to the alleviation of his diſtreſſes.

Mrs. Orm. Noble girl! And while ſuch is *her* conduct, how, Colonel Beauchamp, how can you juſtify your own, either to her or to yourſelf?

Beau. Juſtify it, I cannot. Yet ſurely circumſtances may in ſome meaſure extenuate its impropriety. The woman's character, who, for my ſins, calls me her huſband....

Mrs. Orm. That woman, be ſhe what ſhe may, is ſtill your wife, Colonel Beauchamp, nor are her faults any apology for yours. I may pity you for being united to ſuch a woman; but while ſhe exiſts, I muſt blame your attachment to any other.

Beau. Well then, my fair moraliſt, ſhew that pity by counſelling my future conduct. What ſhould I do!

Mrs. Orm. Can you aſk me? Reſtore Zorayda to virtue and her father.

Beau. On one condition you ſhall be obeyed. A report, which ſeems well authenticated, has reached me, that many months are paſt ſince my wife expired at Turin. For that place I mean inſtantly to ſet out, anxious to aſcertain the fact which;

which, if true, leaves me at liberty to repair my injuries to Zorayda; and if falſe.....

Mrs. ORM. You will then be guided by me?

BEAU. There is my hand; on my honour, I will.

Mrs. ORM. I accept then your conditions.—When mean you to ſet out for Turin?

BEAU. I am impatient to be gone; yet how to tell Zorayda that I muſt leave her.....

Mrs. ORM. Be that my care.

BEAU. Dear Mrs. Ormond, would you but undertake that painful taſk, would you explain to her the object of my journey to Turin, and, ſhould it prove unſucceſsful, ſtrive to reconcile her to the cruel alternative.....

Mrs. ORM. All this ſhall be done, though not exactly by me; ſituated as I am with Lady Clara, I cannot go myſelf to her houſe uninvited; but I think Mr. Rivers may without impropriety, under the pretext of returning to her this now unneceſſary preſent.

BEAU. Unneceſſary! Have his wants then been already relieved?

Mrs. ORM. They needed no relief; Rivers is wealthy, and the object of his viſit to Lady Clara's this morning was to make an experiment on her heart, not her purſe. Zorayda's gift, therefore, being now ſuperfluous, I will perſuade Rivers to return it to her himſelf; and while expreſſing his gratitude for her well-intended benevolence, he may take an opportunity of convincing her that your abſence is neceſſary, that Lady Clara's is by no means a proper abode for her, and he ſhall preſs her, 'till the reſult of your inquiries ſhall have determined her future conduct, to accept an aſylum in my houſe.

BEAU. And will you, Mrs. Ormond, will you hazard your reputation, and ſubject yourſelf to the world's cenſure, by affording protection and ſupport to an unfortunate, whoſe errors.....

Mrs. ORM. Huſh! huſh! No more of this. You accept then my propoſal?

BEAU. With tranſport! But by heaven you are an angel!—Oh, Mrs. Ormond! did all your ſex think like you—would Chaſtity ſtretch forth her hand to aſſiſt the penitent, not raiſe it to plunge her deeper—many a poor victim of imprudence now ſtruggling with the billows might eaſily regain the ſhore!—But when ſome unhappy girl has made the firſt falſe ſtep, branded with ſhame, abandoned by her former friends, courted by vice, and ſhunned by virtue, no wonder that ſhe flies from remorſe to the arms of luxury, and purchaſes a momentary oblivion of her ſorrows by a repetition of the fault which cauſed them.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

26 M. 26. M

END *of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT

Mrs Ormond
Rivers

A desert of fruit & wine &c

Lord Litchfield
Madeira

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment elegantly furniſhed.*

Mrs. ORMOND *and* RIVERS *are ſeated near a Table, on which is Deſert, &c.*

RIVERS.

WELL, well, your commiſſion is a delicate one, and I doubt much my executing it to your ſatisfaction; but however I'll do my beſt. Beauchamp, you ſay, is the villain's name, who——

Mrs. ORM. It is, but guilty as he is in the preſent inſtance, juſtice compels me to ſay, that by no other act has he ever merited the name of villain.

RIV. By my ſoul, this one is quite ſufficient! The married ſeducer of an unſuſpecting girl, the ſelfiſh betrayer of a father's confidence! Oh! he's qualified to take the degree of villain in any college of vice throughout the univerſe!

Mrs. ORM. Thus ſevere upon Beauchamp, how can Miſs Mandeville's errors hope from you that indulgence——

RIV. Surely the caſe is widely different; beſides, her generoſity has intereſted me ſincerely in her behalf. This you ſay is the packet which I am to return to her?—Mandeville?—Mandeville?—I don't recollect any perſon of that name in India; but no matter: Whoever her father may be, if he really loves his daughter, heartily ſhall I rejoice to relieve the poor man from ſuffering, what I once felt ſo keenly myſelf!

Mrs. ORM. Yourſelf?

RIV. Emily, it was my misfortune to have a daughter on whom my ſoul doated. Her mother died while my child was yet an infant, and my child was the image of that mother, was the delight of my eye, was the comfort of my heart, was the ſolitary bleſſing of my exiſtence; and while that one bleſſing was mine, I thought I poſſeſſed every other! This daughter, this very idoliſed daughter, ſacrificed to paſſion her honour and my love, abandoned me for a villain, and her father became childleſs!

Mrs. ORM. Is ſhe then dead?

RIV. To me for ever! She fled from India, doubtleſs with the perfidious Dorimant; and what has ſince become of her, I know not. But be ſhe where ſhe may, the ungrateful is no more my daughter.

Mrs. ORM. Yet were ſhe now ſtretched in penitence at your feet.....

RIV. Stretched in her coffin I might forgive her, elſe never!

Mrs. ORM. Oh! Mr. Rivers.....

RIV. Nay, ſpeak of her no more. I have ſworn never to pardon her; that oath will I keep religiouſly, and ſeek that happineſs, my dear couſin, in *your* family, which the ungrateful fugitive has baniſhed for ever from my own! [*Exit.*

Mrs. ORM. Either Mr. Rivers deceives himſelf, or the difference muſt be ſtrange between a father's and a mother's feelings! Yes, my loved William, ſhould'ſt *thou* prove unworthy my regard, I think my heart would break with grief; but till it *did* break, never, oh! ſurely never, would it feel one ſpark of leſs affection for thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE

John
Squeeze'um

SCENE II.—*A Room at Lady* Clara's.—*Another is ſeen through Folding-Doors.*

Enter Lord LISTLESS *and* MODISH.

Lord LIST. A peer and a man of faſhion lend money? Mad! Poſitively mad, dear Modiſh, or ſuch an idea could never have entered your head!

MOD. Is it ſo ſtrange, then, to expect aſſiſtance from a brother?

Lord LIST. No, but uncommonly ſtrange to expect money from a man of faſhion.

MOD. Abſurd, when the largeneſs of your income.....

Lord LIST. Is abſolutely neceſſary for the largeneſs of my expenditure. 'Pon my ſoul, my dear fellow, I could almoſt imagine, that you have quite forgotten how abſolutely neceſſary it is for a man in my ſituation to keep up a certain ſtyle; to have horſes he never rides, houſes he never inhabits, and miſtreſſes he ſcarcely knows by ſight. In ſhort, theſe unneceſſary neceſſities are ſo innumerable, that I'm myſelf much ſtraitened in my circumſtances, and mean to inſiſt immediately upon the payment of Beauchamp's bond.

MOD. How, Lord Liſtleſs! That bond, which it is well known your father never intended to..... But this is foreign to the ſubject. Will you oblige me with the ſum I mentioned?

Lord LIST. I can't, 'pon my ſoul!

MOD. Say rather, you *won't*; I ſhall be better pleaſed.

Lord LIST. Shall you?—Then I won't, 'pon my ſoul!

MOD. I've done. If you can juſtify to yourſelf this

this conduct towards ſo near a relation as Lady Clara, and a man whom you called your friend.....

Lord List. Friends? Relations? Ridiculous! My dear Modiſh, you ſurely forget that I'm a citizen of the world, an univerſal philanthropiſt. The poor are *my* relations, the unfortunate are *my* friends; and as to my natural friends and relations, I don't care that for them all put together, 'pon my ſoul!—[*ſnapping his fingers.*]— [*Exit.*

Mod. Contemptible!—Yet how dare I arraign his conduct, when I remember how little did compaſſion ſway my own this morning to poor Rivers!

Enter John.

John. Here's a ſad job, ſir! The porter has let in the old uſurer.

Mod. Who? The uſurer? What, Squeez'em?

John. The ſame, ſir.

Mod. The Devil!—Yet I dare not refuſe to ſee him.—Show him up.—[*Exit* John.]—No doubt he comes for money, but I muſt endeavour to beat him off as civilly as I can.

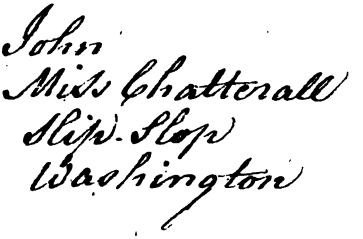
John *introduces* Squeez'em.

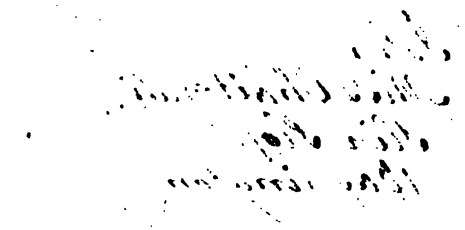
Mod. Good ~~God~~, is it you, my dear Mr. Squeez'em? I'm charmed beyond meaſure to ſee you! Why, you look charmingly, charmingly I proteſt!

Squeez. You're mighty good to ſay ſo, ſir. I made bold to call.....

Mod. I'm extremely glad you did, for I was juſt wondering why I hadn't ſeen you for ſo long; and why don't you call oftener? I'm happy at all times to ſee my beſt friend, Mr. Squeez'em.

Squeez.


John
Miss Chatterall
Ship Slop
Washington



SQUEEZ. I am much flattered by your kindneſs, ſir—There is a.....

MOD. I beg you'll be ſeated. John, a chair for Mr. Squeez'em.

SQUEEZ. It's quite unneceſſary, for I only.....

MOD. I muſt inſiſt upon it. My good friend, ſit yourſelf down, I entreat you.—[*They ſit.*]—And now tell me, how are your children? All well, I hope? No meazles? No hooping-cough? No.....

SQUEEZ. None, ſir, none, I thank you; but there is a little.....

MOD. A little one coming is there? I beg I may ſtand god-father.

SQUEEZ. Lord! ſir, you miſtake; I'd only.....

MOD. Why, isn't dear Mrs. Squeez'em likely to.....

SQUEEZ. Dear Mrs. Squeez'em has nothing at all to do with what I'm come about. To be plain with you, Mr. Modiſh, there is a little affair, which.....

MOD. A little affair? Oh! you ſly rogue! What, which muſt be a ſecret between you and me? Well, well, I promiſe you, Mrs. Squeez'em ſha'nt hear a word of it. And ſo the little girl is pretty, is ſhe?

SQUEEZ. Lord, ſir, I can't get you to hear me out; and I've walked here all the way from St. Mary Axe on purpoſe to.....

MOD. Walked here? What, all that way? Then pray take ſome refreſhment, for I'm ſure you muſt be fatigued. Here John, tea, coffee.....or perhaps you'd prefer a glaſs of wine? Only ſay what you like, and.....

SQUEEZ. Dear ſir, there's nothing I ſhould like ſo much at preſent as to have you liſten to what I want to ſay.

MOD. Surely, ſurely; you won't take any refreſhment then?

SQUEEZ. None, I thank you, ſir; I'm in a hurry to return home, and only wiſh to aſk.....

MOD. In an hurry to return home? Then for Heaven's ſake don't let me detain you.—Here, John, light Mr. Squeez'em down ſtairs.

SQUEEZ. Sir, I only want to.....

MOD. To get home, I know it. Good night.

SQUEEZ. I ſhould be glad to.....

MOD. To go; pray ſuit your own convenience, but I'm greatly obliged to you for this call. Chatting away an hour with a friend like you is ſo amuſing!....Open the door, John.

SQUEEZ. If you'd only be ſo good as to pay.....

MOD. My reſpects to Mrs. Squeez'em; I ſhall take the firſt opportunity, and bring Lady Clara with me, till when, adieu, my dear Mr. Squeez'em; conſider me as your faſt friend, and be aſſured, that I ſhall always be delighted to ſerve you to the very utmoſt extent of my ability.

[*Exeunt* Squeez'em *and* John*.

MOD. So! He's gone, and now I can breathe again; but I muſt rejoin my company, leſt the cauſe of my abſence ſhould be ſuſpected. With a mind thus ill at eaſe how tormenting is it to aſſume the appearance of content, and mingle in the irkſome gaiety of the happy and unthinking. [*Exit.*

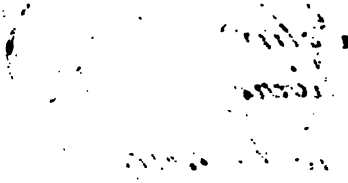
Enter MISS CHATTERALL *and* SLIP SLOP.

MISS CHAT. Let Lady Clara know that I'm here, and have ſomething to ſay to her of importance.— [*Exit* Slip-ſlop.

* This ſcene was ſuggeſted by that of *Monſieur Dimanche* in *Moliére's* "*Feſtin de Pierre.*"

Enter

John
Rivers
Visit Lee with notes.



Enter WALSINGHAM.

Miſs CHAT. Oh! Lord, Mr. Walſingham!.....

WAL. Oh! Lord, Miſs Chatterall!—

Miſs CHAT. I've got ſuch a ſtory to tell you!

WAL. "A ſtory to tell?"—I dare ſay you have.

Miſs CHAT. Do you know Miſs Bloomly?

WAL. Only by character.

Miſs CHAT. Then you know the worſt of her, for her character's monſtrous ſhocking, that's the truth on't. But would you believe it, ſhe's crooked! How comical, an't it?

WAL. Crooked? Impoſſible.

Miſs CHAT. Oh! but I aſſure you it's true, for her moſt intimate friend told me ſo juſt now with her own mouth.

WAL. Her friend!—A pretty ſort of a friend, by my honour! Before I'd have ſuch friends.....

Miſs CHAT. Nay but, Mr. Walſingham, there was no harm in telling it to *me*, for ſhe knew very well it would go no further.

WAL. Did ſhe? Then I pronounce her a moſt learned lady, for ſhe knows what no other perſon in London does, man, woman, or child.

Miſs CHAT. Well, but now, don't repeat this ſtory I beg, for nobody elſe knows it; and I only mean to tell it to Lady Clara, and a few particular friends, under a profound promiſe of ſecrecy.

WAL. There you are quite right, for whenever you wiſh a malicious report to circulate, you ſhould always relate it as an inviolable ſecret.—People of faſhion hear ſo much ſcandal daily, that one's own particular lye is frequently huddled in the crowd, and perhaps totally forgotten; but tell a fine lady a ſcandalous anecdote under a promiſe of ſecrecy,

and I'll be bound that ſhe pops it out within five minutes after. [*Exit.*

Miſs CHAT. I declare now, he doesn't believe a word of it, and that's monſtrous provoking! However, I hope it will ſtill ſerve to break off Miſs Bloomly's marriage with young Flaſh. Well I proteſt I can't conceive how it is that every body contrives to get married except myſelf! I'm ſure I do all in my power; grudge no expence in fans, feathers, cold cream, pearl powder, and bloom of oriental lilies; and it was but laſt week that I paid the Lord knows-what for a new pair of the very beſt arched eye-brows!—Yet all won't do, and I'm ſure it's....it's *curſt* provoking, ſo it is! - -

Enter ZORAYDA.

Miſs CHAT. Oh! Miſs Mandeville, do you know....

ZOR. Alas! Yes, Miſs Chatterall, I know it but too well!

Miſs CHAT. Do you? Oh! Gemini! who could have told you?

ZOR. The town talks of nothing elſe: at firſt indeed I wouldn't believe the ſtory; but the redneſs of your eyes proves it to be but too well-founded.

Miſs CHAT. My eyes?—Dear, what can you mean?

ZOR. I'm ſure I pity you ſincerely, but how *could* you be ſo imprudent? How could you think of going in your own carriage to the place where your little boys are nurſed?

Miſs CHAT. My little boys?

ZOR. Nay, it's too late to pretend ignorance; I know the ſtory but too well!

Miſs

5

Miſs CHAT. Do you? Then pray let me know it too; for let me die if this isn't the firſt word I ever heard of it.

ZOR. Nay, this is carrying the jeſt too far, ſince every body knows you were married in St. Martin's Church to a Serjeant of the Guards, of the name of Brazen, on the 17th of laſt June, at ſeven and thirty minutes paſt eleven, odd ſeconds; and that you have at this moment too fine little boys at nurſe with Mrs. Mum, No. 9, Paradiſe Row, three doors from the Red Lamps and Green Railing. Why, dear me, every body knows it as well as I do!

Miſs CHAT. Oh! Mercy! What, *I* marry a Serjeant in the Guards! *I* have fine little boys! *I* viſit a vulgar Mrs. Mum! Oh! horrid! Oh! monſtrous!

ZOR. Really, Mrs. Brazen.....

Miſs CHAT. Don't call me Mrs. Brazen! I won't be called Mrs. Brazen!

ZOR. Nay, 'tis a diſagreeable ſituation, I own, and I declare I pity you extremely.

Miſs CHAT. Don't pity me, Miſs! I won't bear to be pitied! There's not a ſyllable of truth in the ſtory, and I'm ſurpriſed you could believe ſuch a thing.

ZOR. Oh! but I had it from your friend Mrs. Blab-all, and ſhe, you know—"has talked ſcandal to you for this year and an half paſt, and never told you the leaſt bit of a lye in all that time!"—

Miſs CHAT. Mrs. Blab-all? A malicious creature! But I always thought her a very bad woman! I'll go this moment and tell her.....But even if this ſtory *were* true, I don't underſtand, Miſs, why you ſhould talk to me about it of all people in the world!

Zor. Dear! I thought talking over the ſubject would conſole you! Did not you go this morning to Lady Cogwell, on purpoſe to talk over the ſtory of her cheating?

Miſs Chat. Yes, but I did *that* merely to teaze her.

Zor. Did you? Then I vow and proteſt, that's the very reaſon why *I* did *this*.

Miſs Chat. Indeed? Then let me tell you, Miſs.....

Zor. Come, Miſs Chatterall, even make yourſelf eaſy. After all this ſtory of the footman is ſimply an experiment of mine, intended to aſcertain how you would bear being the heroine of ſuch an anecdote, as I have frequently heard you relate of others; and I truſt it will convince you, that murdering characters is not an amuſement quite ſo harmleſs as you and your acquaintance ſeem to think it.

Miſs Chat. Very well, Miſs! Very well! But ſince you think proper to take ſuch liberties with.....

Zor. Nay, nay, either be calm, or excuſe my leaving you, ſince if the ſtorm muſt rage, I prefer infinitely hearing it at a diſtance.

BALLAD.—[*Ceaſe, Rude Boreas.*]

STILL this tempeſt wildly raging,
Liſt, fair Lady, liſt to me;
Let my prayers your wrath aſſuaging,
Calm your boſom's ſtormy ſea!
Anger now would ſure be ſilly,
Nothing ſhould your peace deſtroy;
While you think on little Billy,
Serjeant Brazen's own ſweet boy! [*Exit.*

Miſs

Miſs CHAT. A ſaucy chit! I proteſt ſhe has ſo flurried me, that I dare ſay juſt now I look as hideous as herſelf! And here's ſomebody coming too!—I'll ſtep into the next room, and ſettle myſelf before the glaſs. [*Retires.*

Enter JOHN *followed by* RIVERS.

RIV. Say to Miſs Mandeville that a gentleman has a meſſage to her from Mrs. Ormond.—[*Exit* John.]—I feel not a little embarraſſed at entering upon a buſineſs ſo delicate. How the Deuce ſhall I open the converſation?—Nay, there's no time for reflection, for here comes the lady.

Miſs CHAT. [*advancing, and looking at him through her glaſs.*]—Um! a ſtranger!—And really a perſonable man.—I'll accoſt him.—If you wiſh, ſir, to ſee Lady Clara.....

RIV. No, madam; my buſineſs is with you. My name is Rivers, and I come here authorized by Colonel Beauchamp to converſe with you on a very delicate ſubject.—[*Aſide*]—Well, hang me if I ſee an atom of the youth and beauty which Mrs. Ormond praiſed ſo highly!

Miſs CHAT. By Beauchamp, did you ſay, ſir? By Colonel Beauchamp?

RIV. You ſeem ſurpriſed, madam; but ſuffer me to ſay, that Beauchamp's attachment to you.....

Miſs CHAT. Attachment to me? I'm ſure, if he ever had any, he kept it a profound ſecret.

RIV. Ah! madam, you flatter yourſelf! In ſpite of his precautions, that ſecret is now ſo well known, that things can no longer remain as they are, and ſome change in your ſituation ought to take place as ſoon as poſſible. I truſt, madam, you are of my opinion.

Miſs

Miſs CHAT. Why really, ſir....to ſay the truth ....I can't deny that I *am* rather of your way of thinking. But as Col. Beauchamp has a wife....

RIV. That wife, he has great reaſon to believe, exiſts no longer

Miſs CHAT. [*looking pleaſed.*]—Indeed?—Dear ſir, but that quite alters the caſe, you know!

RIV. It does; and ſhould this event be aſcertained, his hand will immediately be offered, where his heart has long been given.—[*Aſide*] Well, there certainly is no accounting for taſtes!

Miſs CHAT. Lord, ſir! Dear ſir!—[*Aſide*] Thank heaven then I *ſhall* be married after all!

RIV. But ſhould Mrs. Beauchamp ſtill be living....

Miſs CHAT. [*ſighing.*]—Then, ſir, there's an end of the whole buſineſs!

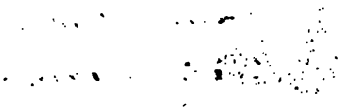
RIV. True, madam, and I rejoice that you feel the neceſſity: It relieves me from the moſt embarraſſing part of my commiſſion, and emboldens me to ſay, without further ceremony, that in caſe of your not marrying Beauchamp, all your friends think it right that you ſhould ſet off immediately for India.

Miſs CHAT. For India!—Lord, ſir, what ſhould I do there? Why muſt I needs be packed off to India, becauſe I can't marry Colonel Beauchamp?

RIV. My dear madam, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary, and till you ſet ſail, Mrs. Ormond requeſts you to accept an aſylum in her houſe. At firſt indeed ſhe had ſome ſcruples at engaging in an affair ſo delicate; but as ſhe is confident that Col. Beauchamp is the only perſon who has ever been particular to you....

Miſs CHAT. [*toſſing her head.*]—Indeed, Sir? Upon my word then ſhe's very much miſtaken. A great

Lady Clara
Beauchamp



great many people have been much more particular than Colonel Beauchamp, I can aſſure her.

RIV. How! a great many?

Miſs CHAT. Yes, ſir: Fifty at leaſt.

RIV. Zounds! madam, fifty?

Miſs CHAT. Bleſs me, ſir, what is there ſo ſtrange in that? Why if I don't marry for a year, I dare ſay there'll be fifty more.

RIV. The devil there will!—Then, madam, your going to India....

Miſs CHAT. I'd as ſoon go to the moon, ſir!—What, leave London, dear London, and the gay world, the dear gay world! The very thought on't is quite odious and execrable, and all that ſir, an't it?

RIV. But, madam, madam, ſhould your marriage not take place, can you think it proper that Beauchamp's attachment to you ſhould laſt?

Miſs CHAT. No, to be ſure I don't. In that caſe he'll go *his* way, I mine, till either he has got rid of his matrimonial clog, or I found ſome other lover as much to my liking. That's all, ſir.

RIV. ~~Fire and furies! what depravity~~! [*aſide.*] Your grief then for his loſs wouldn't prevent....

Miſs CHAT. Lord, no, ſir! why ſhould it? The man is certainly well enough for a man; but if he breaks with me, I don't deſpair of finding as good to ſupply his place.

RIV. By heaven this is too much!—Hear me, loſt unhappy creature!

Miſs CHAT. Oh! Lord bleſs me, what's the matter?

RIV. Are you then indeed ſo dead to ſhame.... But I abandon you to the ſorrows which cannot fail to ariſe from principles ſo depraved!

Miſs CHAT. How? What?—Sir, how do you dare....

RIV. Yet I thank you for not preſerving the maſk before me. I can now open Mrs. Ormond's eyes, and ſhall inſiſt upon her taking no further notice of a woman, who has not only broken down the pale of virtue, but who glories in the breach! Oh! fye upon you!

Miſs CHAT. I?—I?—Oh! monſtrous!—[*Ringing the bell violently.*] Who waits there?—Lady Clara!—Mr. Modiſh! where are you, Mr. Modiſh? Oh I ſhall burſt with rage!—[*throwing herſelf into a chair.*]

Enter Lady CLARA.

Lady CLARA. For heaven's ſake, why is all this noiſe?

Miſs CHAT. [*ſobbing.*]—Oh! Lady Clara, I've been ſo ſhocked and inſulted by that odious man! He has ſaid ſuch things! How quizzical, an't it?

Lady CLARA. Mr. Rivers here again!

RIV. Even *He*; but I ſhall intrude upon your Ladyſhip no longer than while I return this packet to Miſs Mandeville, and with my thanks: It grieves me that I cannot praiſe her other qualities as highly as her generoſity.

Miſs CHAT. Miſs Mandeville? Nay then I'll ſee....[*opening the packet.*]

Lady CLARA. I'm amazed at you, Mr. Rivers! what you can mean by this conduct....

RIV. A time may come, when your Ladyſhip may not be perfectly ſatisfied with your own; but however great may then be your contrition, remember, that I now bid you an eternal farewell!—[*Going, he meets* Beauchamp, *and ſtarts back.*]—Dorimant, by Heaven!

BEAU.

Modish
Slip-Slop
Frank

BEAU. Ha! Mortimer here!

RIV. [*ſeizing him.*]—Where is my child? What place conceals her? Anſwer, or I ſpurn you at my foot!

Lady CLARA. Bleſs me, Beauchamp, what means....

RIV. Beauchamp!—Ha! then my poor girl is already abandoned, abandoned for yon coquette! But this is no place for....You ſhall hear from me ſoon, ſir;—and till he does hear from me, ſit thou heavy on his ſoul, curſe of a diſtracted father!

[*Exit.*

Lady CLARA. Why, what can the fellow....

BEAU. Oh! Lady Clara, I ſhall go mad! 'Tis Mortimer, 'tis the rich Eaſt-Indian, who....

Lady CLARA. Lord, no! That is Rivers, our poor relation, who....

BEAU. Oh! no, no, no! I know him but too well! But why do I linger here? I'll follow him, and either periſh by his hand, or obtain from him Zorayda's pardon! [*Exit.*

Lady CLARA. Mortimer? I proteſt, I'm frightened out of my ſenſes!

Miſs CHAT. [*reading.*]—"Unfortunate attachment"—"ignorance of the world"——"Beauchamp"—"my father"—"fled from India."—So! the whole ſtory of Miſs Mandeville's ſeduction, and conſequent embarraſſments, in her own hand! I think I ſhall now be even with her, for I'll to the printer's with this letter immediately.

Enter MODISH.

MOD. Whither now, Miſs Chatterall?

Miſs CHAT. Oh! I can't ſtop a moment. Look, ſir, look; a letter of Miſs Mandeville's, and to-morrow's newſpaper ſhall ſerve it up at every faſhionable

ſhionable breakfaſt-table in town, where "Philanthropus" ſhall cry out ſhame upon her! "an indignant obſerver" pull her to pieces without mercy, and, while one paper torments her with "gentle hints," another ſhall peſter her to death with friendly remonſtrances."—Your ſervant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Mod. A letter of Zorayda's! What can the ſpiteful creature mean?—Ha! Lady Clara, you ſeem agitated?

Lady Clara. Something has happened which ... But I'll know the truth of it this moment.

Enter Slip-slop.

Lady Clara. Slip-ſlop, let one of Mrs. Ormond's ſervants be ſent for inſtantly.

Slip. Frank is below, my Lady; but, begging your pardon, I think he's a little intozticated with liquor.

Lady Clara. No matter, ſend him hither.

[*Exit* Slip-ſlop.

Mod. But what can poſſibly ...

Lady Clar. You ſhall know all preſently,—Oh! here he comes.

Frank. [*entering, half drunk, with* Slip-ſlop.] Huzza! the Eaſt-Indian for ever! huzza!

Mrs. Slip. Huſh, huſh, Frank! None of theſe exhalations! Don't you ſee ...

Lady Clara. Come nearer, Frank. Pray does your Lady know Mr. Rivers?

Frank. Know him! Aye, that ſhe does, Heaven bleſs him!—By your aſking, I ſuppoſe by this time your Ladyſhip knows him too! Nay, he did take you in finely; that's the truth on't.

Lady Clara. The fellow's drunk!

Frank. No, ma'am, Mrs. Slip-ſlop's not drunk; that's

that's not it. But upon my ſoul, ma'am, I can't tell you the ſtory properly if you keep turning round and round in that comical manner.

MOD. Took her in, ſay you?

FRANK. Yes, and your honour too, ſaving your preſence. Why he's the great rich monſtracious nabob, Mortimer! He's the Eaſt-Indian! Huzza! the Eaſt-Indian for....

SLIP. [*putting her hand before his mouth.*] Huſh! huſh, fellow!

MOD. How! Mortimer?

Lady CLARA. And.....and is he ſo very rich?

FRANK. Oh! not ſo very rich. His ſervant, indeed, Mr. Yambo-Zing, aſſured me he had brought over whole buſhels of godas, and pecks of blue peas! But, for all his boaſting, I don't believe he's worth above two or three millions at moſt.

Lady CLARA. Millions? oh mercy!

MOD. Confuſion!

FRANK. But honeſt Frank, ſays he, all I have is your Lady's. Oh! that made me mortal happy! —And then, ſays he, honeſt Frank, Lady Clara ſhan't have a farthing on't. Oh! that made me a mortal deal happier!—Huzza! huzza! The Eaſt-Indian for ever! Huzza! [*Exit.*

MOD. See, madam, ſee what your inſenſibility has thrown away.

Lady CLARA. My inſenſibility, ſir! oh monſtrous! I whoſe nerves are ſo delicate, whoſe ſentiments are ſo refined, that....

MOD. Madam, madam, the fault is your's. I pitied Rivers's diſtreſs, and ſhould have relieved it had not you....

Lady CLARA. Lord, ſir, what would you have had me do? I'm ſure I made the beſt gueſs I could,

and would have given the man any thing in the world had I only known that he wanted nothing.

Mop. Madam, madam, you have committed the fault—you muſt repair it. Go this moment to my ſiſter's, entreat her to intercede for us with Mr. Rivers, and either bring home *his* pardon or never hope for mine. [*Exit.*

Lady CLARA. Yes, I muſt go. Slip-ſlop, my cloak!—Such a princely fortune loſt!—I remember now to have heard of Mortimer's immenſe wealth; and perhaps at the very moment he pleaded for half-a-crown, his pockets were ſtuffed with pearls and diamonds; and I warrant his odious black ſcratch periwig had been papilloted with bank-notes!—Oh! I could go diſtracted. [*Exeunt.*

END *of the* THIRD ACT.

Wait Rivers Exeunt

ACT

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

Mrs Osmond
Rivers
Anne Secretary
Lady Clara

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Mrs.* ORMOND'S.

Enter Mrs. ORMOND *and* RIVERS.

Mrs. ORMOND.

MISS Mandeville's manners coarſe, and her perſon diſagreeable?

RIV. Upon my word I thought ſo; but I've been ſo long abſent from the faſhionable circles, that poſſibly ſhe may be the general taſte; I'm only certain that ſhe's not at all to mine.

Mrs. ORM. And when you ſpoke of her return to India....

RIV. Oh! ſhe could not endure the very mention of it. I was really afraid ſhe'd have gone into hyſterics.

Mrs. ORM. Strange! But, however, I'll aſcertain the fact to-morrow, and this myſtery ſhall be explained.

RIV. 'Till then let the matter reſt.—And now, my dear Emily... [*A knocking without.*] Hey! what can be the meaning of that thundering rap?

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Lady Clara Modiſh.

RIV. Lady Clara Devil! and I'd rather meet the latter. Which way is ſhe coming up?

SERV. This way. [*Exit.*

RIV. Then I'll go down the other.

Mrs. ORM. Oh! pray ſtay.

RIV. No, no; I'm not yet cool enough to conceal from the woman how heartily I deſpiſe her.

Mrs. ORM. Yet perhaps her neglect of you....

RIV. I guess what you would say, my good Emily. A moment of ill humour, a dish of tea too strong, a bad run of luck last night, the indisposition of her lap-dog, or any other fine-lady-like affliction, might occasion her indifference to *my* distress—but that she could see the infant graces of your child without interest, that she could suffer without compassion an heart like yours to languish in poverty, betrays an insensibility which I never can forgive. [*Exit.*

Mrs. ORM. You must though, my dear sir, or your heart is composed of tougher materials than I imagine. Yes, yes, Rivers and my brother must be friends, and probably that brings Lady Clara hither.—So, here she comes!

Servant *shews in* Lady Clara, *and* exit.

Lady CLARA. My dear Mrs. Ormond, I've just hurried hither for one instant!—Why, they tell me you've been indisposed. You look charmingly, however: But, you cruel creature, why did not you let me know you were ill?

Mrs. ORM. Knowing your exquisite sensibility, Lady Clara, surely it had been barbarous in me to torture your nerves by a recital of my sufferings.

Lady CLARA. Oh! fye, fye! when the delicate attentions of friendship can alleviate.... I protest, Mrs. Ormond, you've got a mighty pretty house here.

Mrs. ORM. Tolerable. Mr. Rivers insisted upon my removing hither immediately, and therefore things are not quite....

Lady CLARA. Mr. Rivers! Dear, that puts me in mind—I want to talk to you about him. Do

you

Rivers

you know, he put the drolleſt trick upon me this morning!

Mrs. ORM. [*archly.*] So he did upon me; but you were too cunning for him: I, poor innocent, was completely the dupe of his feigned diſtreſſes; but upon you, he tells me, they made not the ſlighteſt impreſſion.

Lady CLARA. Ha, ha, ha! no more they did —Ha, ha, ha!—[*Aſide*] Spiteful thing, how I hate her!—But, my dear Mrs. Ormond, you ... you relieved him then ....

Mrs. ORM. Oh! the relief in *my* power to afford him was very moderate; and in truth our exchange of preſents bore no proportion to one another. I had nothing to beſtow on him but a very trifle and a diſh of tea, and he repaid me with notes of not leſs than a thouſand pounds.

Lady CLARA. Mercy on me! a thouſand pounds for a diſh of tea? How unlucky it was that I had juſt ſent away the chocolate*!

Mrs. ORM. Then he has ſuch plans for equipages, diamonds, and eſtates .... It would quite fatigue you, Lady Clara, only to hear the liſt.

Lady CLARA. Oh! I ſhall faint preſently! [*aſide.*]—But I hope the dear beggar thinks this trick of his as entertaining as you and I do?

Mrs. ORM. I am afraid he takes the affair a little more ſeriouſly.

Lady CLARA. But ſurely, my dear creature, you can explain to him ...

Mrs. ORM. Believe me, Lady Clara, however great may be my cauſe of complaint, my brother's intereſt will never ceaſe to be mine; and

* This *trait* is borrowed from *Mercier's* "Habitant de la Guadaloupe."

if

if my interference can poſſibly produce a reconciliation....

Lady CLARA. You will uſe it? Let me die now if that isn't being extremely kind; but indeed I always ſaid you had one of the beſt hearts in the world. And ſuppoſe now, to loſe no time, you were to bring Mr. Rivers to my houſe to-night?

Mrs. ORM. To-night? Why really.... my mourning....

Lady CLARA. Oh! as to your mourning, you know you'll be conſidered as at home; for, is not my houſe, is not every thing I poſſeſs, as much yours as my own?

Mrs. ORM. You're too kind, Lady Clara; indeed you're too kind!

Lady CLARA. Not at all! oh dear, not at all! I ſhall expect you then, and pray bring Mr. Rivers.

Mrs. ORM. I'll do my beſt; but in truth I doubt my being able to prevail on him, unleſs you can make uſe of Falſtaff's excuſe, and proteſt ſolemnly that you knew him all the while: however, if he ſhould not come, depend upon it's not being a fault of mine.

Lady CLARA. Well now, that's a dear creature; and I hope to Heaven you may ſucceed! Yet ſhould your endeavours to appeaſe Mr. Rivers prove fruitleſs, I ſhall conſole myſelf with the reflection that at leaſt my dear ſiſter enjoys thoſe advantages of which, by imprudence, I have deprived myſelf.—[*Aſide*] Oh! I could tear her eyes out! [*Exit.*

Mrs. ORM. Ha, ha, ha! I ſuſpect Lady Clara leaves me not too well pleaſed with her viſit.—So, here comes Mr. Rivers!

Enter

Lord Listlech
Trinhouseau.

[illegible]
[illegible]

Enter RIVERS.

RIV. So, Emily, your viſitor is gone; and now let me know what brought her hither.

Mrs. ORM. Can you ſeriouſly aſk that queſtion?

RIV. Why I believe I *could* gueſs—your brother no doubt——

Mrs. ORM. Even ſo. Lady Clara's errand was to expreſs her contrition for this morning's adventure with all poſſible humility, and requeſt your preſence at her houſe to-night for the expreſs purpoſe of receiving her huſband's apologies and her own.

RIV. Aye? Well! well! I'm glad to hear it—I'll go—

Mrs. ORM. Will you?

RIV. Aye; and ſo ſhall you.—I intend to take the liberty of tormenting her Ladyſhip—and ſhe'll not be the worſe for a little wholeſome mortification——

Mrs. ORM. Nay, that is a fact which I cannot take upon me to deny.

RIV. And now for the ſcene of action; where you ſhall ſee crowds of coxcombs, and legions of coquettes at my coming, all "*diſſolve,*

And like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion
Leave not one fop behind."

Mrs. ORM. You've a ſecret then for killing inſects, I preſume?

RIV. No, only for diſperſing them, and my taliſman conſiſts in pronouncing that ſingle cabaliſtical word "Diſtreſs;" away they go; for in fact, my dear Emily, a faſhionable friend is an abſolute bird of paſſage,——

Which here, while Summer reigns, enjoys the day,
Wings the warm gale, and courts the kindly ray:
But ſoon as Winter lours, and ſtorms ariſe,
To brighter ſcenes the airy wanderer flies,
Where breathe leſs boiſterous winds, where
ſmile leſs clouded ſkies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Lord LISTLESS's.

Enter Lord LISTLESS *and* FRIPONEAU.

Lord LIST. The writ was executed, you ſay?

FRIP. Oui, my lor; et Le Colonel Beauchamp, be tres bien lock up chez cet honnête, Monſieur Touchit!

Lord LIST. Good! but unluckily Beauchamp has friends, who wont leave him there long.—Now could I find ſome laſting means of revenging myſelf on the puppy....What ſay you, monſieur?

FRIP. Mais voyons, my lor, voyons! Suppoſe—ſuppoſe you carry off Mademoiſelle Mandeville?

Lord LIST. I carry her off?—Why ſhould I take the trouble?

FRIP. Mon dieu! you not ſee?—Beauchamp love mademoiſelle à la folie; but ven all of von ſudden ſhe diſappear, he vil ſwear, vil cry, vil go diſtract! and ven Mademoiſelle Mandeville been two tree day wid your lorſhip, ſerviteur à la reputation de Mademoiſelle Mandeville.

Lord LIST. Um! the idea would be tolerable if it were not that afterwards Beauchamp might take it into his head to cut my throat.—Now that I ſhouldn't like, becauſe you know it would dirty my neckloth.

FRIP. Ma foi, mi lor, en verite! dat it voud! mais l'Italie, mi lor? vy you not enlever la petite....

Lord

Walsingham

All the Company to ✕ the Stage
Serv^d with Refreshment &c.
Miss Chatterall
Mr^s Blaball.
Music up.

Lord LIST. Right, right.—But then how to get hold of her, monſieur?

FRIP. Oh c'eſt bien facile! I go vid a chair to Lady Clara's, and as mademoiſelle go in, or as ſhe come out, I vip her into de ſedan, de chair-men vip her up, your lorſhip vip her away; et voila' qu'elle eſt priſe, pardi!

Lord LIST. Um, could this be done quietly, and in a proper way....for a buſtle always bores me, 'pon my ſoul!

Enter WALSINGHAM.

WAL. How, in cloſe conſultation, my Lord? Perhaps I intrude.

Lord LIST. Oh! by no means; I've a little buſineſs indeed, which....

WAL. A ſecret?

Lord LIST. Um! you might ſerve me in it, if it were not——

WAL. My dear lord, too happy if——

Lord LIST. And you'll be ſilent?

WAL. As a conceal'd author, whoſe comedy has juſt been damn'd. I give you my word! and now——

Lord LIST. You muſt know, then, I'm on the point of eloping with a certain young lady....

WAL. You? Good heavens! how can you take ſo much trouble! and have you a chaiſe-and-four ready?

Lord LIST. No, but I ſhall order my ſedan chair to be prepared immediately.

WAL. A ſedan? 'Faith that's new!—Well, you'll order your chair to Gretna Green, I hope?

Lord LIST. Oh! you miſtake the buſineſs: the lady in queſtion is in love with a fellow, who bores

me intolerably; and I carry off his miſtreſs, merely for the ſake of plaguing him.

WAL. Merely for the ſake of plaguing him!

Lord LIST. Nothing elſe, 'pon my ſoul! The idea's good, an't it?

WAL. Good? it's excellent!

Lord LIST. Now the only difficulty is, how to entice her to the ſpot where my ſervants will be waiting for her; and if any friend——

WAL. Entice her!—then ſhe's not appris'd of the honour intended her by your lordſhip?

Lord LIST. Has'nt the moſt diſtant idea of it; and, in fact, hates me like the devil.

WAL. Zounds! my lord, but that makes the joke a great deal better!—And could you poſſibly doubt my aſſiſting ſo honourable a deſign?——

Lord LIST. Why, to tell you the truth, (but remember your promiſe of ſecrecy) the lady is no other than Miſs Mandeville; and as you are Beauchamp's friend——

WAL. Pſhaw! what does that ſignify?—Isn't he a commoner, an't you a peer? Isn't he poor, an't you rich? Isn't he an old friend, an't you a new acquaintance? And can you doubt which of the two I ſhould prefer ſerving?—My dear lord, pray judge a little more of me by yourſelf!

Lord LIST. [*aſide.*] A ſenſible fellow, 'pon my ſoul!—You'll undertake then to——

WAL. And think myſelf too happy in being of uſe to you, only let your chair and ſervants be ready.....

Lord LIST. Oh! monſieur ſhall take care of that.—Friponeau, attend this gentleman, conduct Miſs Mandeville hither, and when ſhe arrives wake me. [*Exit* FRIPONEAU.] Good evening, Walſingham.

ham. 'Pon my ſoul extremely obliged to you; am indeed.... a.... a.... a.... 'pon my ſoul! [*Exit.*

WAL. Go thy ways, thou prince of puppies! But 'tis well that this fellow has made me his confident, for the conſequences of his ſcheme might have been very unpleaſant to Zorayda; but now to mar it, and, if poſſible, get him into a ſcrape, of which at preſent he little dreams. The ſcoundrel!—but alas! there are but too many in the world, who, like him, would ſoon make themſelves villains, if nature hadn't kindly prevented it by making them fools. [*Exit.*

Bring back Saloon.

SCENE III.—*An anti-chamber at* Lady Clara's.

[*Muſic within.*]

[redacted] *with refreſhments.*

Enter Miſs CHATTERALL *and* Mrs. BLAB-ALL.

Mrs. BLAB. Nay, my ſoul, if this letter be authentic, Lady Clara muſt give up Miſs Mandeville, or my acquaintance, I'll aſſure you!

Miſs CHAT. Oh dear! My dear, as to that, *I* ſhall viſit Lady Clara no more at any rate, unleſs indeed ſhe gives a maſquerade; and then you know nobody need know whether one viſits her or not.—But accept a favour from her bare-faced! —Lord, my love, I bluſh at the very thought! Oh 'tis a ſad family!

Mrs. BLAB. Shocking, my dear!

Miſs CHAT. True, my life; only conceive! Beauchamp in gaol, Mrs. Ormond intriguing with him, Miſs Mandeville eloped, and Lady Clara giving entertainments when her huſband's going

to

to be arreſted, and her brother's at the point of death.

Mrs. BLAB. Oh! fye, fye, fye! I proteſt I'm quite ſhocked.

Miſs CHAT. Shocked, my dear? ſo am I, an't I?

Mrs. BLAB. But Lord Liſtleſs dying? I never heard of that before.

Miſs CHAT. No? Dear, I thought every body had heard that Lord Liſtleſs having diſcovered an intrigue between Beauchamp and Mrs. Ormond with whom he was himſelf on certain terms....You underſtand me, my dear?

Mrs. BLAB. Oh Lord! yes my dear to be ſure I do; well, my love, and ſo——

Miſs. CHAT. Well, and ſo, my life, my Lord was ſo ſevere in his obſervations, that at length Beauchamp got into a terrible rage, rapped out three great oaths that he'd be the death of him, ſeized a blunderbuſs (which happened to be upon the breakfaſt table) ſhot his lordſhip through the body, and the Colonel and his enamorata immediately made off for France, with the intention of offering their ſervices to the triumvirate. How odd! an't it?

Mrs. BLAB. Odd indeed!—But lord! my life, how unlucky it was that Mrs. Ormond ſhould happen to have a blunderbuſs lying on her breakfaſt table?

Miſs CHAT. Extremely unlucky indeed, my dear. But come let us in, and if Miſs Mandeville ſhews her face to night, I ſhall tell Lady Clara what I think of her very plainly! for after all, my dear, to own a truth, the greateſt advantage I ever could find in walking ſtraight myſelf in the path of virtue, was the privilege of inſulting thoſe who ſtep a little on one ſide. Come, my dear! [*Exeunt.*

[*As*

Zorayda

[*As they go off, enter* WALSINGHAM *and* FRIPONEAU.]

WAL. Do you ſee her? There ſhe goes!

FRIP. Vid de ſcarlet plume?

WAL. The ſame: wait at the great entrance till I entice her to the door, then convey her to your maſter with all ſpeed. [*Exit* Friponeau.

WAL. Hiſt, hiſt, Miſs Chatterall!

Miſs CHATTERALL *returning.*

Miſs CHAT. Mr. Walſingham, didn't you——

WAL. Huſh! ſpeak ſoftly! My dear young lady, I've juſt diſcovered the moſt abominable deſign, the moſt atrocious plot!

Miſs CHAT. Eh! what? againſt me?

WAL. Againſt you!

Miſs CHAT. Oh! Goodneſs defend me!

WAL. And am come to caution you not to venture near the great entrance without ſufficient protection.

Miſs CHAT. Dear me! and why?

WAL. The infamous agents of a certain nobleman are waiting there for the expreſs purpoſe of carrying you off.

Miſs CHAT. Lord bleſs me!

WAL. And though I well know your virtue to be proof againſt either force or artifice——

Miſs CHAT. Undoubtedly!

WAL. Yet, as this affair would make ſuch a diſturbance——

Miſs CHAT. Terrible!

WAL. Would get into all the newſpapers——

Miſs CHAT. Odious!

WAL. And render you the ſubject of general animadverſion.....

Miſs CHAT. Execrable!

WAL. The conſequences would be, that either your friends would fight a duel on your account——

Miſs CHAT. Tremendous!

WAL. Or you quiet the buſineſs by a marriage with his Lordſhip.

Miſs CHAT. Charming—Monſtrous I mean!

WAL. The beſt thing you can do, therefore, is to ſend for a guard.....

Miſs CHAT. I'll do it inſtantly.....

WAL. Return home under its protection.....

Miſs CHAT. With the utmoſt diligence.....

WAL. And above all, take care not to approach the great entrance.

Miſs CHAT. I approach it!—Oh Mr. Walſingham! I'd rather die than advance a ſingle ſtep towards it: Good evening, and a thouſand thanks!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[*A pauſe, after which Miſs* Chatterall *puts in her head, looks round cautiouſly, then hurries acroſs the ſtage, and* exit.]

Re-enter WALSINGHAM *laughing.*

WAL. So my plot has taken effect. Now if her friends can but perſuade Lord Liſtleſs to repair her injuries by marriage, (and I know he has no great fondneſs for fighting,) the breed will be excellent, and I ſhall immediately put in my claim for a puppy!

Enter

Modish
Trifle
Lady Hubbub
Mrs Blaball
All the Ladies & Gents at Cards
Lady Clara.

Enter ZORAYDA (*in an Evening Dreſs*) *as from the Aſſembly Room.*

WALS. What, Miſs Mandeville, retiring ſo early!—How is this?—You ſeem agitated!

ZOR. Oh Mr. Walſingham!—I know not how—I dare not—but you are Colonel Beauchamp's friend.

WAL. He has none more ſincere.

ZOR. A dreadful report is circulating within—a quarrel this morning—a duel—I heard the ſtory but imperfectly, but heard enough to alarm me for Beauchamp's ſafety. For pity's ſake, ſir, haſten to him—and ſhould you find this report well founded—

WAL. I will ſtrain every nerve to prevent the conſequences. But what antagoniſt.....?

ZOR. Lord Liſtleſs was named.

WAL. Lord Liſtleſs! Oh! to my certain knowledge he is otherwiſe engaged at preſent, and has too much reſpect for his own ſafety to endanger any other perſon's. However, I'll go immediately in ſearch of Beauchamp.—So, farewell, my dear young lady! make yourſelf eaſy, and depend on my care. [*Exit.*

ZOR. I cannot rejoin the unfeeling crowd within! I'll to my chamber, and if poſſible to reſt. Ah! no—there is now no reſt for me!—Repoſe never viſits my eye-lids till they cloſe wearied with weeping: The ſounds which lull me to ſleep are the groans of a forſaken father, and the ſpirit of dreams ſtill repeats to me his parting curſe! Oh that my next ſlumbers might be the ſlumbers of the grave! Oh that my eyes could for ever ſhut out light, ſince my heart is cloſed againſt peace for ever!

SONG.

AIR—"*Auld Robin Gray.*"

COLD winter frowns, but ſoon again
Shall lovely ſpring appear;
The ſun is ſet, but ſoon again
His glorious head ſhall rear:
Night veils the ſkies, but ſoon ſhall day
Once more illume the plain;
But never can a guilty heart
Be ſoothed to peace again.

Oh! ſad is my ſoul!
All my nights are paſs'd in tears!
I think upon my father's houſe,
And all that home endears;
Think, how that father lov'd me well,
But all his love was vain;
I broke his heart, and never ſhall
Mine own know peace again. [*Exit.*

10 Ring up Saloon. & change.

SCENE IV.—*A magnificent Apartment at* Modiſh's, *illuminated.*

Damask with Arch. Chandelier. . . .

MODISH, TRIFLE, Lady HUBBUB, Mrs. BLAB-ALL, *&c. diſcovered—Card Tables, &c.—Ladies and Gentlemen playing at them.*

Lady HUB. Well I never heard any thing ſo ſtrange! Poor Lady Clara, I'm ſure I pity her exceſſively, though I can't but own that ſhe deſerves it.

Mrs. BLAB. Richly, Lady Hubbub, richly! And, for my part, I ſhan't be ſorry to ſee her pride have a fall; which muſt be the caſe ſhortly, for they ſay Mr. Rivers has poſitively refuſed to advance Modiſh a ſingle guinea.

TRIFLE.

Mrs Chatterall

5 Card Tables. Candles. Cards. &c

TRIFLE. Nay it's even whiſpered there are three executions in the houſe at this moment.

Lady HUB. Oh, as for that, ſince I have known it, *this* houſe has never been without an execution in it for three days together.

Mrs. BLAB. Very true, and therefore I wonder that Modiſh ſhould have neglected to provide himſelf with a rotten borough; for he ought to have known, that as he couldn't pay his debts, he had but one alternative, and muſt certainly get into priſon unleſs he got into parliament.

Lady HUB. Oh! here's Lady Clara!

Enter Lady CLARA, *ſplendidly dreſſed.*

Lady CLARA [*as entering.*] How d'ye do? Charmed to ſee you! Been here long? You there, Trifle!—Ah, Lady Hubbub.

Lady HUB. Oh my dear Lady Clara!

Lady CLARA. What's the matter?

Lady HUB. Mr. Rivers—I'm ſo concerned for you!—

Mrs. BLAB. I could cry with vexation!

Lady HUB. To loſe ſuch a fortune by a trick! my dear creature, it grieves me to the heart!

Mrs. BLAB. And I'm told you muſt part with your beautiful ſet of cream-coloured ponies?—Lord! Lord! you've no idea how that diſtreſſes me!

Lady CLARA. Now let me die but you're both of you very kind; and it quite delights me that I'm able to relieve you from ſuch exceſſive affliction. Whatever you may have heard to the contrary, Mr. Rivers and Modiſh are on the beſt terms poſſible, and I hope in a few minutes to have the pleaſure of making him known to you. [*Aſide.*] Spiteful toads!

Lady HUB. No really! Lord, I'm prodigious

glad to hear it! [*Aſide*] I wiſh you were both at the bottom of the Thames!

Mrs. BLAB. Delighted, my dear Lady Clara! Quite delighted, I proteſt!—[*Aſide*] Another birth-day ſuit to cut out mine, I'd lay my life on't.

Lady CLARA, [*aſide*]—Well, of all earthly torments, the ſympathy of one's friends is certainly the greateſt.—Ha! Miſs Chatterall!— Heavens! What's the matter?

Enter Miſs CHATTERALL *haſtily.*

Miſs CHAT. Oh Lady Clara! Oh Lady Hubbub!—I ſhall faint, Lady Hubbub I ſhall certainly faint.

Lady CLARA. Faint! Why, what has alarmed you?

MOD. Aye, aye!—All things in order; tell your ſtory firſt, and faint afterwards.

Miſs CHAT. Oh! your brother, Lady Clara! your vile brother!—I can't ſpeak for paſſion!

Lady CLARA. What has he done?

Miſs CHAT. What indeed? Why he has.....he has.....[*burſting into tears*]—he has carried me off in a ſedan chair! So he has!—How monſtrous! wasn't it?

Lady CLARA. Carried you off!—Mercy, why ſhould he do that?

MOD. Aye, why indeed?—Oh! I don't believe a word on't.

Miſs CHAT. Not believe it?—Oh Gemini! but it's very true though; and what's more, ſir, what's more, I'm almoſt morally certain you're one of his accomplices!

MOD. I?—Oh fye, Miſs Chatterall, fye!

ALL.

Rivers
Mrs Ormond

All. Oh! fye, fye, fye!

Miſs Chat. Fye, indeed! Fye? Oh that ever I ſhould live to be fyed!—Lady Clara, as I hope to be married, was carried by force to your brother's houſe this evening; and when he firſt handed me out of the ſedan, to give the devil his due, I muſt ſay he was civil enough; but as ſoon as he ſaw that I was I, and nobody but myſelf, he yawned in my face, ſaid I was a great bore, put me into the chair, bade the men box me up tight, and, without ſaying another ſyllable, ſent me back again! How diſagreeable, wasn't it?—[*crying bitterly.*]—Never, no ſurely never before was ſuch an inſult offered to virtue, delicacy, and the firſt couſin of an Iriſh Peer!—But I'll be revenged! I'll to my lawyer's, and have an action for burglary brought againſt him without delay; and if the law won't do me right, I warrant my Iriſh uncle Sir Blarney O'Blunderbuſs will!—Oh he'll come to my aſſiſtance, good ſoul, at the firſt word; will inſiſt on his Lordſhip's repairing by marriage the injury done my reputation; and when I once find myſelf his wife—oh what a miſerable wretch I'll make him! [*Exit.*

Lady Clara. [*laughing.*]—But what can all this mean? Ha! Modiſh, I ſee Rivers advancing.

Mod. [*aſide.*] I tremble to meet him; I feel how ungratefully I have treated him; and my only conſolation is, that I felt it before I knew how much my ingratitude had coſt me.

Lady Clara. So here he comes—Now, ladies—now, ladies, you ſhall ſee—

Enter

Enter RIVERS *and* Mrs. ORMOND.

Mrs. ORM. [*to* RIVERS]—Remember your promiſe—Gentleneſs!

RIV. Oh, never fear!

Lady CLARA [*to* Mrs. Ormond]. And here you are at laſt? My dear creature, you've no notion how you've agitated me; I've expected you this half hour, and was almoſt afraid that ſome accident had happened—and Mr. Rivers too, I declare!—My dear ſir, I can ſcarcely thank you for this viſit for laughing when I think of the ridiculous affair of this morning: well I never was ſo quizzed in my life; but you muſt certainly have a world of humour!

RIV. [*drily.*] Um, aye, it was ridiculous enough; but yet the beſt part of the joke is ſtill to come.

Lady CLARA. Is it? Dear, I'm prodigiouſly glad to hear it, for it has entertained me ſo, you have no idea—

RIV. Pardon me, I can conceive it perfectly.

Lady CLARA. Impoſſible, quite impoſſible! And indeed I called at your houſe this evening for the ſole purpoſe of ſaying how extremely——

RIV. *My* houſe!—Mrs. Ormond's you mean. Your Ladyſhip forgets—I live at the Three Blue Poſts in Little Britain.

Lady CLARA. Ha! ha! ha! very true; and Modiſh muſt pay his reſpects to you at the Three Blue Poſts, I ſuppoſe?

RIV. May I expect ſo much condeſcenſion from Mr. Modiſh?

MOD. Mr. Rivers, I will not aggravate my fault by attempting to excuſe it; I am heartily aſhamed of my behaviour this morning, and ſee it myſelf

John, a Blk Ste

myſelf in ſuch offenſive colours, that I cannot hope by any preſent ſubmiſſions to obtain your pardon.

Riv. Give me your hand, ſir; the beſt thing is certainly not to commit a fault, but the next beſt is to be ſorry for it when committed.—And yet, when you reflect on Lady Clara's very flattering reception of me this morning, you cannot poſſibly found any expectations on my aſſiſtance, though, Heaven knows, at this very moment you ſtand wofully in need of it.

Lady Clara. At this moment?

Riv. Certainly; for in the firſt place there is an execution in the houſe.

Trifle. Good night, Modiſh. [*Exit.*

Riv. There goes one! [*aſide.*]—Then, Modiſh, Squeez'em the uſurer has taken out a writ againſt you.

Mrs. Blab. Your ſervant, Lady Clara. [*Exit.*

Riv. [*aſide*] There go two!——So that you will certainly go to priſon to-morrow, unleſs you can borrow a conſiderable ſum among your acquaintance.....

Lady Hub. Call Lady Hubbub's ſervants, if you pleaſe, ſir. [*Exit.*

Riv. [*aſide.*] There goes a third!—And can get two of your friends to ſtand bail for you.

All. Mr. Modiſh, we wiſh you a very good night! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Rivers, Modish, Lady Clara, *and* Mrs. Ormond.

Riv. Bravo, bravo! There goes the whole covey!

Mo

MOD. Narrow-hearted raſcals!

Lady CLARA. What, all gone!—Lord bleſs me!—What, all!—

RIV. Aye, aye, Lady Clara, the coaſt is clear; and what otherwiſe could you expect? what elſe than——

Mrs. ORM. Huſh! huſh'! my dear ſir! Surely they are already ſufficiently mortified, and to puniſh them farther would be both cruel and unneceſſary—Suffer me then to plead for my brother.....and.....

MOD. Emily, you muſt plead in vain: Lady Clara's imprudence has been too groſs, my ingratitude too culpable to.....

RIV. May be ſo, George; but you may as well confine your reproaches to your own breaſt; ſince your ſiſter has already carried the point for you, and I have promiſed to diſcharge your debts.

MOD. *and* Lady CLARA. Dear ſir, in what manner.....

RIV. Nay, no thanks, or, if you needs muſt pay them, offer them to Emily; they are her due, and I can tell you, George.....

Enter JOHN, *delivers a Letter to* Mrs. ORMOND; *and* exit.

Mrs. ORM. [*after reading it.*] Good Heavens!

RIV. Emily, what has alarmed you? You change colour!

Mrs. ORM. Something has happened which..... Might I requeſt a few moments private converſation with you?

Lady CLARA. Oh! pray conſider yourſelf at home,

home, my dear—we leave you. [*To* Modiſh] Will you come, Love?

MOD. Come, my life?—To be ſure I will.

[*Exeunt arm in arm.* R.H.

RIV. [*looking after them.*] Fudge!—And now Emily, what diſmal tale have you to relate?

Mrs. ORM. One, my dear ſir, which intereſts me nearly. Soon after your leaving me this morning, I owed my reſcue from the groſſeſt impertinence to an officer, who unluckily was indebted for a large ſum to the coxcomb by whom I was inſulted. This note informs me, that, in conſequence of having afforded me his protection, he has been arreſted, and is now confined at the ſuit of Lord Liſtleſs.

RIV. Confined? He ſhall not be ſo long. England needs ſuch men, nor ſhall ſhe be deprived of them, while *I* can help it.—What does your friend owe?—

Mrs. ORM. Not leſs than 3000l.

RIV. A large ſum! But no matter! Set your heart at reſt, Emily; the debt ſhall be diſcharged.

Mrs. ORM. My dear ſir!.....

RIV. Pſha! dear nonſenſe! And his name?.....

Mrs. ORM. You will be ſurpriſed to hear, that my friend is no other than Colonel Beauchamp.

RIV. [*ſtarting.*] Beauchamp!—

Mrs. ORM. Even he; and his conduct to me this morning muſt convince you, that, if he has faults, he is not without virtues—but I haſten with theſe good tidings to Miſs Mandeville.—Oh Mr. Rivers! believe me I feel well, how trifling a gift is the wealth which you heap upon me, com-

pared to the advantages which my ſon will reap from your acquaintance; much from your precepts, but more from your example. [*Exit.*

RIV. [*ſolus.*] My embarraſſments increaſe every hour—Why, why muſt Beauchamp have faults to none but me?—What courſe ſhall I purſue?—Suppoſe.....Yes! I'll diſcharge his debts under a feigned name, and, when he's at liberty, challenge him in my own; the firſt to reward his merits, the ſecond to avenge *my* wrongs! It ſhall be ſo—and if I fall to-morrow.....then may my poor Zorayda find Heaven more merciful than ſhe found her father!—~~May God forgive her, but I never can~~! [*Exit.*

END *of the* FOURTH ACT.

ACT

Zorayda. ag.ⁿ all the Act. a Miniature
Mrs Ormond ag.ⁿ
Lady Eldra
Ready to knock C.P

Ready to knock L H

Rivers

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Lady CLARA's.

ZORAYDA discovered seated on a Sofa, and leaning her Head on Mrs. ORMOND's *Shoulder.* Lady CLARA *is ſtanding near her.*

Lady CLARA.

NAY, ſweet Zorayda, why this deſpair? Probably ere this, the cauſe of your diſtreſs has ceaſed, and Beauchamp is at liberty.

Mrs. ORM. Calm your ſpirits, deareſt girl! Believe me this exceſs of grief is childiſh, when every thing bids you hope.....

ZOR. Hope!—Mine is fled for ever!—My father, madam, my father!—I planted his path with thorns; I ſhould have ſtrewn it with roſes:—he warmed me in his boſom; the ſnake ſtung him to the heart:—he loved me; I abandoned him:—he curſed me, and I dare not hope!

Mrs. ORM. Oh bluſh, Zorayda! when thus ſinking beneath misfortune.....

ZOR. Not beneath misfortune; 'tis beneath the burthen of my faults I ſink. Oh! well may innocence ſee the lightning flaſh without alarm; well may virtue lift her head undaunted above the billows.—But when with ſufferings comes the conſciouſneſs of their being deſerved, oh they are inſupportable, and I faint beneath the weight of mine!—

Mrs. ORM. Dear, unhappy girl!—Would to

Heaven Rivers were returned!—Pray, Lady Clara, did Zorayda ſee him this morning?

Lady CLARA. No: I have ſince heard that by ſome unaccountable miſtake he was conducted to Miſs Chatterall inſtead of her.

Mrs. ORM. Miſs Chatterall? Oh! then the caſe is clear. Know then, my Zorayda.....[*Knocking without.*] Ent.

Lady CLARA. Hark! a carriage ſtops—It muſt be Mr. Rivers.

ZOR. [*ſtarting from the ſopha.*] Oh! I fear!—I fear!——

Mrs. ORM. You grow pale; retire, my love, and compoſe yourſelf.

ZOR. But Beauchamp——

Mrs. ORM. As ſoon as I have learnt the reſult of Rivers's viſit, I will haſten to let you know it.

ZOR. And delay not, pray delay not!—Oh father, father! could you know what I feel at this moment, you would own, that, great as my faults have been, they are equalled by my ſufferings! Mt D. [*Exit.*

Mrs. ORM. Poor Zorayda!—Perhaps Mr. Rivers's interceſſion may induce her father.....

Re-enter ZORAYDA *haſtily through the Folding-Doors.* Mt D.

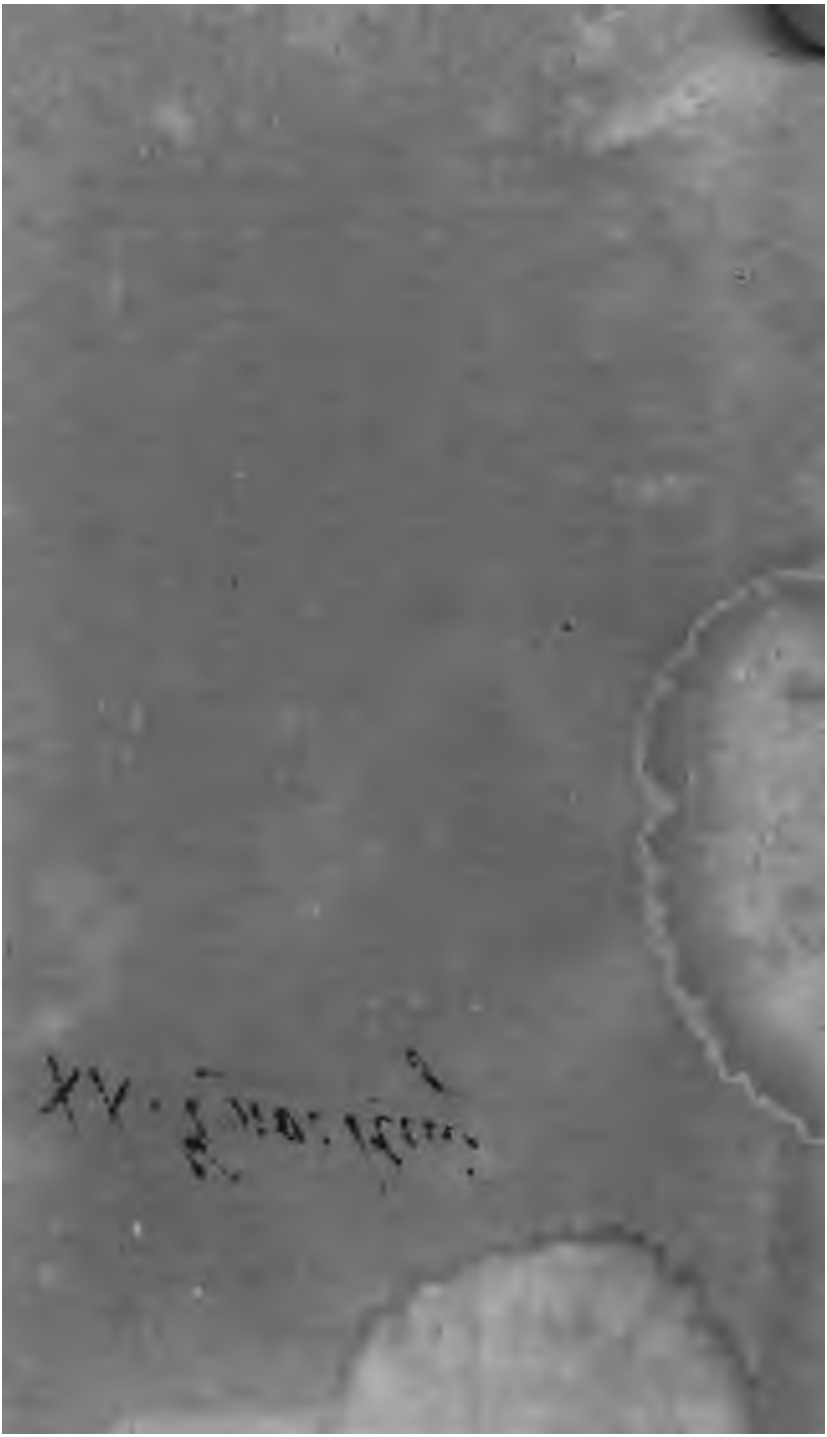
ZOR. Save me, madam!—Oh ſave me! ſave me!—

Mrs. ORM. What alarms you?—Save you from whom?

ZOR. My father! Oh my father! I ſaw him from the window by the flambeau's light!—Even now he entered the houſe.

Lady

XX Knockenj



Lady CLARA *and* Mrs. ORM. How! Your father!

RIV. [*without.*] Very well—I'll go up ſtairs.

ZOR. Hark! hark! hark! 'Tis his voice, 'tis his voice!—Oh! where ſhall I hide me, whither fly to avoid his reſentment?

Mrs. ORM. I know not what.....Yet ſurely..... Fear nothing, my love; all ſhall yet be well—leave it to me; compoſe your ſpirits—retire, and wait till I rejoin you—Lady Clara!.....

Lady CLARA. I will take care of her—Come, dear Zorayda!—

ZOR. I obey; but, oh how cruel is it to ſhudder at his approach, whoſe ſight is dearer to me than my own, and baniſh myſelf from his preſence, whoſe embrace I would die to obtain!

Exit with Lady Clara.

Mrs. ORM. Yes, I muſt try it; Rivers muſt have his daughter again.

Enter RIVERS.

RIV. So that buſineſs is done.—There, Emily, ſet your heart at reſt; your champion is free.—But hey! the deuce! you ſeem if poſſible ſtill more diſturbed than when I left you!—I hope you've not met with more impertinent peers and generous protectors?

Mrs. ORM. Not exactly; the cauſe of my preſent emotion rather concerns my former protector.

RIV. What! Beauchamp again?

Mrs. ORM. No, the buſineſs now regards Beauchamp's miſtreſs; but I find you've made a terrible miſtake.—The lady you ſaw here this evening was a woman of the very ſtricteſt virtue.

RIV. Zounds! what a blunder! Why the poor creature

creature must have thought me mad, for I propoſed packing her off to India without ceremony. But where then is the real Miſs Mandeville? Does ſhe not reſide with Lady Clara?

Mrs. ORM. She does, and you may now, my dear ſir, execute the plan which——

RIV. Nay, I've blundered in the outſet of it ſo confoundedly, that I wiſh ſome other perſon——

Mrs. ORM. No one can undertake this buſineſs ſo properly as yourſelf.—I've perſuaded her that your interceſſion with her father——

RIV. Mine? Why I don't know him even by ſight!

Mrs. ORM. True—but your conſequence—— your Indian connections——In ſhort, ſee her; talk to her; adviſe her:—Shew her the impropriety of continuing with Beauchamp, paint to her what her father muſt ſuffer at her abſence, and comfort her with the hope of obtaining his pardon:—But be gentle with her, I intreat you; moderate your naturally impetuous temper; and beware not to heap freſh anguiſh on an heart, whoſe wounds are already deep—whoſe ſufferings are already exquiſite! [*Exit.*

RIV. Poor Emily! She little thinks that the man from whoſe friendſhip ſhe hopes ſo much, in a few hours will either be expiring himſelf, or a fugitive from England, ſtained with the blood of Beauchamp! My will, however, ſecures her in affluence, and after that——

Enter Mrs. ORMOND *and* ZORAYDA *veiled, through the Folding-Doors.*

RIV. But ſee, ſhe comes with her protegée—— *Ha! veiled,* I ſee!

Mrs.

Cuentas Diversas

Mrs. ORM. [*aſide to Zorayda.*] Nay, deareſt girl, why thus terrified? Doubt it not, all will turn out well.

ZOR. [*aſide to Mrs.* Ormond.] Yes, yes! 'tis he!—How I tremble at his preſence!

Mrs. ORM. In vain have I endeavoured, my dear ſir, to convince Miſs Mandeville that ſhe dreads, without reaſon, the ſeverity of your ſtrictures. I aſſure her that you will ſpeak to her.....

RIV. Moſt ſoothingly! moſt kindly! Even as a father would ſpeak to his daughter.

Mrs. ORM. [*eagerly.*] Right! exactly right! Remember your promiſe—Speak to her as an indulgent father would to his daughter, his beloved and repentant daughter. I leave you with her. My dear girl....

ZOR. [*embracing her*] Oh, madam!

Mrs. ORM. [*aſide*] Would it were over! Yet what ſhould I dread? I know well the excellence of his nature; and hard indeed muſt that heart be which can liſten unmoved to the pleading of ſuch a penitent! [*Exit.*

RIV. [*after a pauſe*] I...I..., preſume, Miſs Mandeville, you are aware how delicate a taſk Mrs. Ormond has impoſed on me. [*Zorayda bows.*] So delicate, in truth, that no ſentiment could induce my undertaking it leſs ſtrong than gratitude for your generous intentions towards myſelf, and the intereſt which Emily's account of you at firſt inſpired me with, and which your own appearance could not fail to increaſe.

ZOR. [*aſide*] Oh that dear voice! ~~Yet how terrible it ſounds~~!

RIV. I will not dwell upon the worth of public opinion, the bleſſings of ſelf ſatisfaction, the torments of preſent ſhame and of future remorſe; I know

know full well how light theſe conſiderations weigh againſt love when a young hand holds the balance. 'Twas your heart which led you aſtray; to your heart then will I make my appeal; and, if it be not marble, I ſhall not make my appeal in vain. Miſs Mandeville, I will ſpeak of your father—will explain how heavy is a father's curſe—will paint how dreadful is a father's anguiſh!—Well can I deſcribe that anguiſh! I have felt it, feel it ſtill! I once had a daughter.....!

Zor. [*aſide*] His voice falters!

Riv. This daughter.... Oh! how I loved her, words cannot ſay, thought cannot meaſure!—This daughter ſacrificed me for a villain, fled from my paternal roof, and.... her flight has broken my heart—her ingratitude has dug my grave!

Zor. [*aſide*] How I ſuffer!—~~Oh my God~~!

Riv. [*recovering himſelf*] Young Lady, my daughter's ſeducer was Beauchamp! He has deſerted her; ſo, doubt it not, will he deſert you. My execration is upon her! Oh! let not your father's fall upon *you* as heavy. Haſte to him ere it be too late! Wait not till his reſentment becomes rooted—till his reſolve becomes immutable—'till he ſheds ſuch burning tears as I now ſhed—'till he ſuffers ſuch bitter pangs as I now ſuffer—'till he curſes as I now curſe....

Zor. [*throwing aſide her veil, and ſinking on her knees*] Spare me! ſpare me!

Riv. Zorayda!—[*after a pauſe*] Away!

Zor. Pardon! pardon!

Riv. Leave me, girl!

Zor. While I have life, never again! Never; no, not even though you ſtill frown on me! Nay, ſtruggle not!—Father, I am a poor deſperate diſtracted creature! Still ſhall my lips, till ſealed by

Modish
Lady Clara
Mrs Ormond
Beauchamp Blk: Lee
Walsingham

~~Queen Elizabeth below~~

death, cry to you for mercy—ſtill will I thus claſp my father's hand, till he cuts off mine, or elſe forgives me!

RIV. Zorayda! Girl!..... Hence, fooliſh tears!

ZOR. I hope not for kindneſs, I ſue but for pardon—I aſk not to live happy in your love, I plead but to die ſoothed by your forgiveneſs.—Still loath my fault, frown on me ſtill, daſh me on the earth, trample me in the duſt, kill me—but forgive me!

RIV. Her voice—her tears—I can ſupport them no longer.

[*Breaks from her, and haſtens to the door.*]

ZOR. [*wringing her hands in deſpair*] Cruel! cruel! My God! my God!—Oh! were my mother but alive!

RIV. [*ſtarting.*] Her mother!

ZOR. Ah! he ſtops. She lives then! lives too in his heart!—Oh! plead thou for me, fainted ſpirit! plead thou too, in former ſorrows my greateſt comfort, in preſent ſufferings my only hope!—[*Taking a picture from her boſom*] Look on it, my father! 'tis the portrait of your wife, of your adored Zorayda!—Look on theſe eyes—you have ſo often ſaid they were like mine. Be moved by my voice—you have ſo often ſaid it reminded you of my mother's!—'Tis ſhe who thus ſinks at your feet—'tis ſhe who now cries to you, Pardon your erring, your repentant child!——Father, I ſtand on the brink of ruin: already the ground gives way beneath my feet—yet a moment, and I am loſt!—Save me! Father, ſave me! If not for my ſake, if not for your own, oh father, father! ſave me for my mother's ſake!

RIV. [*Looking alternately at the portrait and her.*] Zorayda—Zorayda!—My child! my child!
[*Sinks upon her boſom.*]

Enter MODISH, Lady CLARA, *and* Mrs. ORMOND.

Mrs. ORM. He yields, and we triumph.

RIV. [*recovering himſelf.*] Yet mark me, Zorayda—Beauchamp....

ZOR. Alas!

RIV. Never muſt you meet again; to-morrow either ſees him ſtained with my blood, or this hand muſt....

Enter BEAUCHAMP *and* WALSINGHAM.

ALL. How! Beauchamp?

RIV. Aſtoniſhment!—[*To Zorayda ſternly.*] Follow me!

BEAU. Stay, Mr. Rivers; hear me for one moment.

RIV. Hear you? Amazing confidence!—What? hear you extenuate your crime? hear you ſay that....

BEAU. That I am guilty, that miſery ought to be my lot; but that, if *my* lot be miſery, it muſt alſo be Zorayda's. On your affection for her I throw myſelf. Great have been my faults, great have been Zorayda's injuries—yet, if ſuffered to repair them....

RIV. Repair them! and your wife....

BEAU. Her death has been long reported; this letter, juſt received, aſcertains the fact. My hand is free, and from the firſt moment I beheld her that hand was deſtined to your daughter. I feel how

how little I deſerve her—feel the whole weight of my offence, and loath myſelf for its commiſſion:—but my puniſhment would be Zorayda's—but Zorayda's fate is interwoven with mine. Be this my plea, when thus I kneel before you, imploring permiſſion to expiate my faults to your daughter and yourſelf by affection for my wife and unremitting attention to her father.

WAL. Nor imagine, ſir, that your wealth influences this propoſal. Continue ſtill your diſpoſitions in Mrs. Ormond's favour; my fortune is ample, it has long been deſtined to Beauchamp, and the day which makes him your ſon makes him my heir.

RIV. [*heſitating.*] I know not... I ought not...

Mrs. ORM. Dear ſir, if *my* entreaties....

WAL. If my advice....

ZOR. [*embracing him.*] Dear, dear father!

ALL. Pardon! pardon!

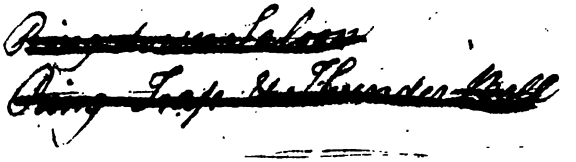
RIV. I am vanquiſhed! Riſe, riſe my ſon, and receive from me Zorayda!

BEAU. My love! my wife! Oh, teach me to thank your father for ſo invaluable a gift!

ZOR. Edward to be yours, and with his approbation!.... Dear, dear ſir, is not all this a dream? Am I indeed again your Zorayda? Is your affection indeed mine again?

RIV. Your's it was ever; and ſurely, had I loved you leſs, I had been appeaſed more eaſily. Many a pang, my child, has your abſence coſt me; but the pleaſure of this moment overpays them all. Sweet, oh! ſweet are a father's tears ſhed on the boſom of a repentant child. Hear this, ye flinty-hearted—hear it, and pardon!—Yet how is this? when every other face wears a ſmile, why hangs a cloud on the brow of my Zorayda?

ZOR. Ah, my father! 'tis a cloud which muſt never be removed; for, 'tis the gloom of ſelf-reproach!—I have erred, and been forgiven; but am I therefore leſs culpable?—Your indulgence has been great; but is my fault therefore leſs enormous? Oh, no, no, no! The calm of innocence has for ever left me, the courage of conſcious virtue muſt be mine no more! Still muſt the memory of errors paſt torment me, and embitter every future joy:—ſtill muſt I bluſh to read ſcorn in the world's eye, ſuſpicion in my huſband's:—and ſtill muſt feel this painful truth moſt keenly, that ſhe who once deviates from the paths of virtue, though ſhe may obtain the forgiveneſs of others, never can obtain her own!



END *of the* FIFTH ACT.

EPI-

EPILOGUE. By the Author.

SPOKEN BY MR. BANNISTER JUN.

Thunder and Lightning.

The Ghoſt of QUEEN ELIZABETH *riſes in a Flaſh of Fire.*

STARE not, fair dames, nor criticize my dreſs;
You ſee before you jolly old Queen Beſs,
Who from the land of roaſting, boiling, ſtewing,
Is come to ſee what you above are doing!
Below, where ſome ſlight peccadilloes ſent me,
Long did a wiſh, a fooliſh wiſh torment me,
For ſome few days in Britain to revive,
And view that land once more, I lov'd ſo well alive:—
This wiſh ſo teas'd me, morn, night, noon, and eve,
That I reſolv'd to aſk old Pluto's leave;
And though I knew to gain the point was hard,
Boldly diſpatch'd Lord Burleigh with this card.
" Queen Beſs's comp'ts to Pluto—begs to ſay
" She hopes this card will find him well to-day;
" And ſhould her viſit now convenient be,
" Means to drink ſulphur with his majeſty."
For in our lower realms the truth to utter,
Sulphur means tea, and brimſtone bread and butter.
Well, he receiv'd me, and (my ſulphur ſipp'd,)
" Dear Sir," quoth I—" I'm nervous, ſick, and hipp'd,

" Beſides

" Beſides have frightful dreams, and truth to ſpeak,
" Scarce eat a chicken's pinion in a week.
" Shock'd at my ſickly plight and ſtrange condition,
" I've aſk'd advice of maint and maint phyſician;
" And having heard them with one voice declare,
" Nothing can cure me but a change of air,
" 'Tis my deſign, for health and for diverſion,
" To Albion's Iſle to make a ſhort excurſion——"
At this old Pluto look'd extremely glum,
Firſt ſcratch'd his head, then frown'd, and bit his thumb;
At length the buſineſs ſifted to the dregs,
Thus ſpoke the king with the flame-coloured legs:
" Go, Beſs," he anſwer'd ('twas not o'er civil
To crop my name, but 'tis an ill-bred Divle!)
" Go, Beſs," he anſwered; " you've my full permiſſion
" To viſit London on this one condition.
" To-night at Drury, (ſo the papers tell)
" Is play'd a *Comédie* that's *toute nouvelle*"——
[His majeſty ſpeaks French extremely well]
" I to this piece your new exiſtence tie,
" And, as it lives or dies, you live or die.
" Should the dread ordeal with ſucceſs be paſs'd,
" Your ſecond life ſhall for the ſeaſon laſt;
" But, ſhould it fail, inſtant (I'd have you know it)
" Here you return, and with you....bring the poet."
I took his offer, pack'd up hoods and ruffs,
Strait bodice, farthingales, and little muffs;
And leaſt old Dis ſhould take his promiſe back,
Through yon trap-door reach'd Drury in a crack.
Now then I come before the Public's throne,
To plead the author's cauſe, and eke my own.
Think with what terrors muſt my boſom tremble,
Since that the piece is bad I can't diſſemble:
Yet, weary with my journey, faint with fright;
Pray don't oblige me to ſet out to-night;

Rather

Rather with kind applauſe prolong my ſtay,
And for a few ſhort nights ſupport the play.
But, ſhould my prayers prove vain, ſhould the piece fail,
The plot thought dull,—the humour coarſe and ſtale,
Beſs out of ſorts, and Poet out of feather,
Are damn'd alike, and jog down ſtairs together.

FINIS.

Printed by J. Davis, Chancery-Lane.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED

BY

J. BELL, No. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

I. AMBROSIO; or THE MONK, a Romance. By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P. The Fourth Edition, with considerable additions and alterations. In three vols. Price 10s. 6d. In this edition the Author has paid particular attention to some passages that have been objected to.—A few remaining copies of the original edition may be had by applying to the Publisher.

II. THE CASTLE SPECTRE: a Drama, in Five Acts, as originally written by M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P. The 8th edition. The printed copy of this Play contains nearly one half more than what is performed.

I. THE MINISTER: A Tragedy, in Five Acts. Translated from the German of SCHILLER, Author of The Robbers, Don Carlos, &c. By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P. Second Edition. 4s. 6d. sewed.

IV. THE CYPRIOTS; or, A History of the Island of Cyprus, by the Pagan World dedicated to Venus. In 2 vols. Second Edition, Price 7s. By the Author of The Minstrel.

V. THE FAMILY OF HALDEN, a Novel. By Augustus La Fontaine. Translated from the German. In 4 vols. Price 14s.

VI. ST. JULIEN, or MEMOIRS OF A FATHER. By Augustus la Fontaine. Translated from the German. Price 4s.